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In Memoriam.

Rev. Bishop Isbell.

PRESENTED BY
JUDGE and MRS. ISAAC R. BITY,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
- 1931 -



Class BX 8495
Book I75 I6

PRESENTED BY

For,

Mrs. W. N. Brainerd, Mrs. J. R. Velt,
and Mrs. Dr. Oliver Marcy.

With love from,

Mrs. Springer.

Hazel. Knoll.

PRESENTED BY
JUDGE and MRS. ISAAC R. HITT,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
- 1931 -

In Memoriam.

Rev. Bishop Isbell.

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*"Behold an Israelite indeed,
in whom there is no guile."*

Gift from
Judge and Mrs. Isaac R. Hitt
Nov. 17, 1931

Sketch From the Life of Rev. Bishop Isbell.

Rev. Bishop Isbell, of the Troy Conference, reached the Eternal City, Saturday, Jan. 21, 1893. He was born in New Lisbon, Otsego county, N. Y. In his own words, "just as the brooks, hills and groves of his native place became sweet to him, death snatched away his beloved father, and he went to the home of his mother's brother, in Williamstown, Mass." Though but four years of age, he often referred to his father's last act, on his death bed, the dedication of his children to God in baptism, in whose memories the service is ever fresh. He was taught the Assembly's Catechism and sent to Sunday School at eight years of age; while "at ten, his mind was so wrought upon, by the Spirit of God, he resolved to seek and serve his great Creator." "But he had many difficulties to encounter: First, that his convictions were not strong enough; second, he feared he had been reprobated from all eternity." At length "he was able to confide in God's mercy, and a delightful peace prevailed his bosom. About this time the Congregational minister visited him, and inquired, if he would love God just as well if he should damn him, as if he knew he would save him? This he dare not answer and had not supposed this necessary to be a Christian."

Now followed years of doubt and fear, with wanderings from God, till under the free salvation preaching of Rev. Samuel Marks, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and the M. E. sermons, at a camp meeting, on the Susquehanna river, he was again at peace with God. While listening to

President Griffin, of Williams College, all his "darkness about justifying faith departed, old things passed away, and all became new."

All his kindred were Congregationalists, but he joined the M. E. Church, of which his father had been a member. The little class, at Williamstown, numbered seven individuals. He soon received license to exhort, and though always exceedingly retiring and timid, dare not refuse, and August, 1833, was admitted to the Troy Conference, giving twenty-five years of active, continuous service, in the following charges: 1833, Dalton, Mass.; '34, Cambridge; '35, '36, Moriah; '37, Hinesburgh; '38, Weybridge; '39, '40, Berkshire; '41, Sheldon; '42, '43, St. Albans; '44, '45, Agent American Protestant Society; '46, Whitehall; '47, '48, Fort Plain; '49; '50, Pleasant Valley; '51, '52, Esperance and Root; '53, '54, Middleburgh; '55, Guilderland; '56, '57, Castleton; '58-'92, superannuate.

These were the days of invisible salaries, \$100 for the unmarried pastor, and from his journal we read: "I could bear pain and anxiety for the necessities of life alone with a good degree of fortitude, but to give pain to those one loves is too much. If the Church could see the misery inflicted by its negligence it would arouse from its lethargy if not callous to feeling." Yet, while his salary never exceeded five hundred dollars and rarely reached three hundred and fifty, he gave twenty dollars, each year, to the missionary cause and paid to all the church benevolences, while urging the need of like action upon his people. It was in this very period of enforced economies and sacrifices that he responded to a call from Wesleyan University, in the hour of its direst need, subscribing and paying a hundred dollars for a perpetual scholarship. This generous offering, from his scanty means, to one struggling university, has proved a most beneficent gift to a long procession of choice young men, who have, through that scholarship, been helped to a liberal education.

A patron of learning, he had himself scholarly tastes and habits; and in later life he found in books an unfailing spring of delights.

Large revivals at nearly every appointment had comforted his heart, and this entry in his journal is made on the last Sabbath of his first year: "God made use of His word to-day in awakening one of the worst men in the town and bringing him to Christ. Thank God." Again he records: "I find myself on entering this new field, resolving, as usual, to labor more to increase the moral glory and extent of the church than ever before. The years of my earthly labor are passing off like a shadow and will all soon be gone. I would not go into eternity without adding something to the strength of the church, to be felt after my spirit shall return to God, and my body be consigned to the dust." But the foot journeys, often twenty-eight miles on Sunday, preaching three times, with many miles, daily, for the week appointments, frequently in violent rains and deep snows; with soul struggles to uplift humanity; severe physical labors to supplement the meager salaries, all told deeply on his never rugged constitution, and it was evident, unless a change of climate could help him, he must retire from the ministry. One of his parishioners, moving to Iowa, gave him four acres of land, a mile from Anamosa, and as he could truthfully sing, "No foot of land do I possess," the gift decided the locality of his new home. His health rapidly improved and while the household were busy with a family boarding and day school, he set "about his Master's business." Through his efforts the Langworthy circuit was formed. Another year seventy miles were traveled, on horseback, between Saturday morning and Monday night, with three sermons on Sunday. For nearly twelve years he was a supply in Cass and served the Anamosa church several years, at intervals; thus giving over twenty-five years of (often wholly gratuitous) ministerial labor in the bounds of the Upper Iowa Conference.

In these years of so-called retirement from the effective ranks, he preached an average of over ninety sermons per year. Such goodly aftermath was it permitted this devoted minister to gather for the harvest home in the prolonged afternoon of his life.

He was warmly attached to his country home at Hazel Knoll, where, each year, were invited the clergymen, friends, strangers and neglected ones, of the city, to dinner or tea. For many years he has not had a care, but every comfort provided (by a widowed daughter) that could cheer his declining years. And thus with truth he could, at last, sing, "My days glide on in peaceful song." Our Hymnal was a favorite study to him and the leaves of his book are turned at many favorite hymns. Though he had reached his four score years, his mental vigor was scarcely abated, and he read, walked, talked, as usual, on Saturday, making his last entry in his journal, and at early twilight, he was not, for God took him.

Although in very comfortable health and always busy with his books, yet he had never been left alone a single night, and rarely over two hours, in the day time, since his beloved wife entered Heaven, April 26, 1879. And now he was not alone, for besides his own, multitudes, saved by his ministry, met him "at the celestial gates." As long-time friends deposited his precious dust, Tuesday, the 24th, in Riverside Cemetery, he was at home, with his own, in the house of our Lord.

In Memoriam.

The beloved citizen.

The funeral services held at the M. E. Church, Tuesday the 24th, at ten a. m., in honor of this beloved citizen, were attended by a large concourse of friends and neighbors.

At four o'clock, Saturday afternoon, Rev. Bishop Isbell sat reading in his library, where he passed peacefully his summer and winter hours, and later had returned from a pleasant walk. Before the gloves and cap had been removed the messenger came and he entered upon the life eternal. A physician was summoned and many restoratives applied, but our beloved friend was beyond recall.

Mr. Isbell has lived at Hazel Knoll, near Anamosa, many years, performing much ministerial work during the early part of his residence here, but latterly devoting himself mainly to the retired comforts and literary privileges of his home. If there ever was a clean, unselfish, noble life in our midst it was that of Rev. Bishop Isbell. Everyone who knew him will unhesitatingly corroborate this statement. Perfectly unostentatious in the performance of every duty, laboring not and caring not to be seen or heard of men, he went forward with devout and reverent purpose in the discharge of life's responsibilities, leaving all results with Him, whom he sought to serve.

During the delivery of the sermon by Rev. McKee, a very touching, almost dramatic scene, was presented, when he lifted the draped easy chair, within the chancel rail, to the platform and spoke with such thrilling earnestness of the aged

one who had listened to the voice of the preacher, in the years that are past, but who now occupied a throne on high. The last years his strength had decreased and yet the old veteran, until within a few months, never failed to be in his place! And who does not recall with what grand faith and reverence of soul Bishop Isbell always participated in the union Thanksgiving services which he loved so well to attend? His was a kindly, gracious, trustful nature, worthy to be an ideal to his fellows. The following expression by the poet is well fitting in its application to the character of our devoted friend:

“Refined, with that innate unstudied grace,
Which changes not, whate’er the time or place.
Cultured in mind, yet modest and sedate,
With learning’s mere possession ne’er elate.
Of courage dauntless—one in whom the weak
With confidence may their protector seek.
Upright in all his ways. To age from youth,
Led by the watchwords—Honor, God, and Truth.
Fitted frail woman’s pathway to attend
As husband, guide, companion and friend;
And fitted, too, that children’s lips should frame
For him the title ‘father’—sacred name!
Herein is seen, formed on Heaven’s noblest plan,
In simple dignity my ideal man.”

SERMON BY THE PASTOR, REV. L. W. McKEE.

“For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.”—Phil. 1: 21.

When God would teach a great lesson, He does it by incarnation; letters His thought in character. Example rather than precept, is the most potent method of religious instruction. God incarnate in Christ, Christ incarnate in Paul, makes this text, Paul’s autobiography, possible: “For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.” Not only great events and great men, but good men and smaller opportunities are God’s great teachers. The reality of Paul’s life makes impossible the criticism that he was egotistic in the declaration of this text. This is none the less true of the subject of this memoir.

Father Isbell, without self-praise, could have had chiseled on the monument that marks the spot where this holy dust is to rest: "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." Surely this would have been a fit epitaph of his noble career and glorious reward.

For Bishop Isbell to live was Christ, because in his life he showed forth Christ. First, this is true as to the symmetry of his life. How the perfect symmetry of the Christ life stands out before us in the gospel records! I do not mean simply that symmetry which consists in having the powers of the soul in perfect poise; the perfect balance of intellect, sensibility and will. In this Brother Isbell was an imitator of his Lord and Master. The mind was not subordinate to the emotions, and the will was not the slave of desire. I mean that symmetry which has its parts in due proportion as to dimensions; the symmetry, rather than the completeness, of character. The true proportion of every Christian life should have length, breadth and height. The length of life is its outreach toward its own ambitions. It is that energy of soul that carries it forward toward its goal. It is that awakening to self-consciousness by which man recognizes what he was made for, in this life. It is that period in life when a man makes a discovery of himself and forms his loftiest purpose. That period marks one of the crises of life. Thrice blessed is the soul that awakes to this fact early in life.

Father Isbell early awoke to life's responsibilities. His bright spirit early found what its orbit was to be. It was as if a star awoke to consciousness and asked, where is the track in space over which I am to travel? And then the eager, quivering mass of light, looking, finds its orbit and sweeps through an audience of stars, finding that all its hopes lie along its own discovered path.

Early in his long career, creeping to four-score years, our beloved brother found out *what* he was. And God, our Father, spoke to his self-consciousness and let him know for

what he was made. Looking within and discovering his adaptations, looking above and seeing the "heavenly vision," he heard the voice of God, saying: "Go; go preach my gospel." Early in life he felt that strange thrill of soul that is known only to those who have seen the heavenly vision and heard the call of God. Then this bright spirit found its orbit and with energy threw itself out into its appointed path. Then he put the silver trumpet of the gospel to his lips and he blew it. It was heard in the log cabin and in the church; in the village and in the city, until hundreds were led to "acknowledge the truth," in this and the old Troy Conference, where, for twenty-five years, he preached the "blessed gospel of the great God."

As a minister of God, for him to live was Christ. In a limited sense he was another Christ on earth, another incarnation, within limitations. What the Psalmist says is true of him: "I have said ye are gods and all of you are children of the Most High; but ye shall die like men and fall like one of the princes." With Paul he could truly say: "Now, then, we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us; we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God."

Nor did failing health turn Bishop Isbell from his God-given purpose, for many in the Upper Iowa Conference and not a few, in this congregation, can attest that the glorious gospel of Christ preached by him was, "the power of God unto salvation."

Do you ask me what he preached? In looking over his manuscript sermons I soon found out the reason of his success. I was not surprised that his ministry was blessed of God. He preached "Jesus Christ and Him crucified;" that which alone is the power of God unto salvation."

Do you ask me *how* he preached? As one sent of God. He believed that as the Father sent Jesus into the world, on a special mission, so Jesus had sent him into the world, on a

special mission. He preached as one whose "lips were touched with a live coal from off the sacred altar;" as one who had been with God, until, at times, his face seemed to shine with the glory of God, as did the face of Moses, when he came down from the mount. He sent the arrows from his quiver of thought, steel-pointed, to the sinner's heart. He hurled them with power from his gospel bow, and they went armed with thought and winged with lightning. He knew so well how to comfort the sorrowing and to pour the oil of consolation into troubled hearts.

Have you not heard him, at times, when his message would open the gateway, into the invisible, revealing to the whole congregation God, Christ, Heaven—"the new Jerusalem descending from God out of Heaven." Oh! ye ministers of light, may his mantle fall upon us now! I covet for you, for this congregation and myself, the Holy Ghost power that gave him the art of soul-saving. Seek it until ye become magnets of power and tongues of fire. Seek it until ye find and never forsake, the highest purpose of life. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament and as the stars for ever and ever."

Young men and young women, have you, too, taken this true dimension of life, its length? Hast thou discovered thyself, recognized in self a certain nature, and from this decided your career? Have you a holy purpose, one of which angels would not be ashamed?—a purpose so holy that its possessor would not blush in the presence of the "great white throne?" This is the real energy of life. God writes on the forehead of your character, energy. Look at yonder goal and right early throw the energies of thy undying spirit out toward it.

For saintliness and sanctification it is far better that Christian life should begin in childhood. Then the occupation of life, its out-reach toward the future, must be righteous. Beginning a Christian life in youth, Bishop Isbell put himself

where God early taught him life's highest purpose. In this our beloved brother showed forth Christ. So much for the length of life. Time forbids us saying more upon this subject.

Another dimension of life is its breadth. The out-reach of Christ's life laterally is a striking feature in his character. While He pursued the goal of life without wavering, declaring "I must do the will of Him that sent me," yet He recognized His true relation to those with whom He came in contact when he said: "I lay down my life for my enemies." It is this relation of life that puts us in contact with and requires us to meet the obligations to our fellow men. Love—charity—is the one word that expresses this relation.

Imperfect, indeed, would be our delineation of our brother's character if we left out this dimension. There are some men whose very narrowness is their strength. There is not enough in them to be broad. Brother Isbell was liberal-minded and broad-hearted. He saw the rights of others, and selfishness was sacrificed for the good of others. He was not only within touch with all of God's people, but commanded the respect of all who knew him. He could be a denominationalist and yet be perfectly unsectarian. He was in harmony with the great movements of the age for the uplifting of humanity.

There is a tendency in old people to become misanthropic and to think the world is growing worse because things do not remain as they were. Brother Isbell, by his constant and wide reading, kept himself in touch with this progressive age. He watched with the interest of an old prophet the missionary and other great enterprises of the church. He believed that the kingdoms of this world would become the kingdoms of the Lord's Christ. And his faith was not above his works, for he gave twenty dollars to the missionary society when his salary was not over one hundred dollars. By what was the breadth of Brother Isbell's life marked? By that which mark-

ed the life of his Lord and Master—love. In this respect he could say: "For me to live is Christ."

We can afford to tarry here this morning and consider another dimension of character in which Bishop Isbell was an imitator of Jesus Christ. I refer to the height of life. The perfect cube of life has this dimension, as well as that of length and breadth. This is the up-reach of the soul towards the invisible. Every life that has not in it faith is flat and wanting. Within the radius of opportunities and the limit of his environments Brother Isbell did much towards meeting the obligations of life. He was faithful to the church of his choice. He believed in the doctrines. These doctrines were not entertained by him in a cold, intellectual way, but were living truths of the heart, grand realities of the soul. God was not simply some mysterious force, or the great first cause of the universe, but a loving, compassionate Father. Out of that belief grew his child-like trust, giving to him the constant faith: "Now are we the Sons of God." Jesus Christ was to him not only a real personage, a unique character, but ideal manhood and substantial divinity: his Redeemer and Elder Brother, making him conscious of His saving power and tender helpfulness. Believing what the Bible says God says he held in reverence its teachings. Such was his appreciation of its infallible worth that he could honestly sing.

"No book is like the Bible,
For childhood, youth and age;
Its story, plain and simple,
We find on every page.
It came by inspiration,
A light to guide our way,
A voice from him who gave it,
Reproving when we stray."

Heaven to him was not some fancy picture of imagination, but a glorious reality. In speaking of loved ones gone, his beloved wife and sainted daughter, he never used the word death. Indeed, in his home, I never heard the word death

spoken, but in the faith, of the early church, they spoke of the departed as in Heaven.

In the catacombs of Rome there cannot be found on the tombs of the early Christians a single inscription indicating death, but they all speak of immortality and eternal life. Brother Isbell realized what it is not; no suffering, pain, sorrow, crying or death, "for God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, for the former things have passed away." By the death of friends the world invisible becomes more real, and thus God rolls back the mist-clouds of doubt, that we may more clearly see the suspension bridge from earth to Heaven, over which the feet of loved ones have passed. I am told that death is a monster, an enemy, but it is my friend, rather. It is a thoroughfare from time to eternity, a passport to glory and friends. "To die is gain."

He was faithful to the members of the church. Did you ever know him to speak ill of the church of his choice or say ill of any of its members? "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man." Of Father Isbell it can truthfully be said: "The tongue of the just is as choice silver." He could sing without hypocrisy—

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love."

This principle he carried out towards every one he knew. He did not hold up for inspection the faults of others, but valuing the good he saw in them, extolled their virtues. His charity "covered a multitude of sins."

He was faithful in his attendance at the services of the church. His infirmities did not keep him from the house of God. You remember the dear familiar face as he used to sit in this chair close by this pulpit. I lift it to this platform that you may see it. It is fitting that it is thus draped. Here is a vacant chair, but yonder is an occupied throne. Could we but see the glory that is his now, the reunion with

that precious wife and sainted daughter, with your friends and mine, we would dry our tears and say: "Not mine, but Thy will be done." The pastor had in Father Isbell a true friend, a sympathetic hearer and a wise adviser. This grand old hero of God was faithful to the end.

Dr. Skinner, his long-time friend, suggested to me the symmetry of his life; "You cannot touch his life on any side but it is a witness for Christ."

Is it any wonder that such a noble life should have such a peaceful ending? It was as he had prayed, without suffering. Just a short time before his translation he wrote: "My soul finds peace with God;" and thus ends Bishop Isbell's symmetrical life. Purpose, charity and hope are the three dimensions of his life. His last battle is fought. Well done, servant of God. Oh! the pain of saying the "final farewell." Fare thee well, and may thy rest be sweet and thy Heaven glorious! Farewell from thy many friends here. Farewell from home and loved ones—from Hazel Knoll, where thy communion with Nature's God, has been so sweet.

Faithful to the church, to its members, doctrines, polity, services and ministry, it is but the fulfillment of thy prayer that thy call from the church militant to the church triumphant, should be as peaceful as the onflowing of a deep river; and glorious, like the triumph of a victorious warrior.

Our beloved brother, whose body lies before us, was reared in Williamstown, Mass., among his Congregational kindred. His father was a Methodist Episcopal, and at the age of 17 Brother Isbell became a member of the M. E. Church. He ever recalled his baptism, at his father's deathbed, with deep emotion.

He was married to Olive P. Martin, in North Adams, Mass., who entered Heaven April 26, 1879. He passed beyond all earthly ministrations Saturday, January 21, 1893.

When a young man he joined the Troy Conference, in which he gave over twenty-five years of active service, large

revivals sealing his ministry. At his last appointment over one hundred heads of families were converted and united with the church.

Failing health brought him west, where he gave years of successful labor, in many parts of this conference, being pastor of this church for several years at intervals.

He has been able to be present and enjoy the church services until about a year since, and his interest was changeless in the Master's work, as shown by his frequent inquiries about the same. Blessed with unusual vigor, he pursued his customary occupations of reading, writing and walking till within an hour of his translation to the better land.

At the funeral of a neighbor some years ago he said: "I have reached my three-score years and ten, and if by reason of strength I should reach four-score, yet they have *not* been altogether labor and vanity." Recalling the privations of the early years of his ministry, on a salary of one hundred dollars a year, it was a great comfort to his family that he could say this. And he had reached his four-score years with no diminution of mental vigor—full of interest in all the literature and progress of the day. He never spoke without saying something, talking in his own cheerful way, only a few moments before he entered into life eternal.

It had been his especial prayer for years to die without any sickness, and he had just returned from a pleasant walk when the chariot of God came for him, and "he was not, for God took him." So, while the shock was overwhelming to the kindred bereft, yet for him "to die was gain." He knew no pain or suffering, but seemed like an infant fallen asleep in a mother's arms.

Two daughters, Mrs. Judge King and Mrs. Col. Springer, with multiplied kindred and friends, remain to mourn his absence. It is a comfort to know that for many years he had no labor or care, every want being anticipated, and his

room was visited from four to six times each night during the winter to see that he was comfortable.

He was a poet and painter of rare gifts, and his published articles would make many books. Besides a very fine English education, he had mastered Greek, Latin, German and French, in the early years of his ministry. He also took a full course in medicine while attending to his pulpit and pastoral duties. This would have been impossible but for the self-forgotten, devoted wife and mother.

We would not do his memory justice if we failed to note his social qualities. He greatly appreciated the remembrance of those friends who invited him to dine with them, especially since the absence of his precious wife. Mark, now, how this eventful life comes to its close. Read this entry in his diary a few hours before his translation: "In usual health; read five chapters in John; my soul finds peace in God."

Amid our tears, at our sudden bereavement, we must try to join with the poet in saying—

"And I am glad that he has lived thus long,
And glad that he has gone to his reward;
Nor deem that kindly nature did him wrong,
Lightly to disengage the vital chord."

Funeral Services of Rev. Bishop Isbell,

HELD AT THE

Methodist Episcopal Church, in Anamosa, Iowa, January 24th, 1893.

On Tuesday morning the precious body was carried from Hazel Knoll, the home to which he was so attached, by his long-time friends, Messrs. Cunningham, Denison, Wood, Huggins, Alderman and Clark, to the church he loved as his "chief joy."

The services were under the perfect direction of E. J. Wood, a treasured family friend. The presence and valued aid of the different clergymen of the city, with the rich voices of members of the various church choirs, was a great comfort to the bereaved, and what he would have especially desired.

The sermon by the pastor, Rev. L. U. McKee, was most consoling and strengthening in its masterly exposition from the text: "For me to live is Christ, but to die is gain."

Amid the heavy snows it was truest love that decorated the church in such beauty and harmony. Callas, with other beautiful flowers, formed an exquisite pillow, the gift of the ladies of the church; a wreath of lovely roses from the Woman's Relief Corps; a sheaf of wheat rested on the casket, whose plate bore the simple inscription: "Rev. Bishop Isbell, the old Troy Conference Minister;" rarest blooms, tastefully arranged, were pendent from the pulpit, while ferns and other flowers, recalled summer beauties. The presence of the Woman's Home Missionary Society, in a body, with white crape

badges, in honor of their deceased member and most generous donor, was consolation beyond expression to the kindred.

The well-filled church, and many tears, proved anew that the quiet, unostentatious minister of our Lord Jesus was well beloved. And while the body was being tenderly placed by the side of that of his self-renunciatory wife, his spirit had already met hers, and his eldest daughter and his infant son, in the land of fadeless delights.

For thou art not alone among the band
Of radiant seraphs, washed in Jesus' blood;
Three of thy home ones, waiting in that land,
Who once, with thee, earth's journey sweetly trod.
And many friends thy heart had treasured long
Have welcomed thee to Heaven's immortal bliss,
And, joining in the grand angelic song,
Thou'st learned earth's rarest tones are naught to this.
No sorrow, no tears, nor any more dying,
Nor need of a lamp to lighten thy way,
For Christ Himself in the tomb once lying,
Now bringeth the light of eternal day.

RESOLUTIONS.

WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY, OF ANAMOSA, IOWA.

WHEREAS: Our beloved co-laborer, Rev. Bishop Isbell, one of the eleven who organized the Anamosa auxiliary, Aug. 27, 1882; a member of the general Woman's Home Missionary Society from its beginning, in July, 1880, and later a Life Member and Honorary Manager, has been translated to those "Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood, Where everlasting spring abides, And never withering flowers," therefore,

Resolved, That we rejoice in the noble, cultured life and spotless character of our brother; and while we shall greatly miss his five dollars, annually, for our work and his presence, ever a benediction, at our meetings; yet we dare not wish his

return from Paradise, even for our consolation; for heaven is better than aught of earth, and in this severe dispensation we would bow in submission to the Supreme Ruler of all things, who cannot err, and who holds each human life in his tender, loving hands.

Resolved, That our tears are freely mingled with the family so sorely bereft in this severe shock of earthly separation, with no note of preparation, and we would especially beg our sister to solace her heart with the memory of her untiring watch care through multiplied years, never leaving her father alone for one night, since the absence of the precious mother, and rarely two hours in the day time. And though we may not understand the anguish of trying to live without husband, mother and father, we would remind her of the multitude of friends here and all over the United States who love her and mourn with her, and we commend her to the dear Lord, whom she has served from her childhood, whose pledge still abides, "I will not leave you comfortless."

MRS. E. J. WOOD,

MRS. JANE PELL,

Committee.

WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ANAMOSA, IOWA.

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Father to take from us our beloved and honored member, who has gone to dwell in the 'house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;" therefore, be it—

Resolved: 1st, That in the death of Rev. Bishop Isbell our society has lost one of its most worthy members, one whose warm heart and hand were always ready to respond to our call, with words of cheer and gifts most generous, one whose presence was a benediction to us all, and whose memory we will cherish.

2d, That while we feel our loss is irreparable, in the departure of this noblest type of manhood, we tender our

warmest sympathy to his daughter, Mrs. Springer, and commend her, in this great sorrow, to the Divine love and care, in which, for years, she has trusted; praying the Heavenly Father to bind up the broken heart.

3d, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the record of our society and that a copy be given Sister Springer.

MRS. REV. MCKEE,

MRS. KATE BROWN,

Committee.

REV. BISHOP ISBELL.

BY REV. G. W. BRINDELL.

My first acquaintance with this sainted minister was in 1877, at our Davenport District Camp meeting. I was pastor at Clinton at the time, and he and Mrs. Isbell attended that meeting, tenting with their special friends, Dr. and Mrs. Wetmore. He was then in the mature possession of all his faculties. Dr. Paxton, the Presiding Elder, and all the preachers, greatly enjoyed his vigorous and sprightly sermons, prayers and testimonies.

During the recent three years of my pastorate in Anamosa, it was my delight to hear him speak or pray in the public congregation, and quite a deprivation that the past months, through increasing infirmities, his seat in church must stand without its eager occupant.

Though debarred the privilege of regular preaching, he did enjoy the communion services of the church, and many now in heaven and perhaps still more on the way, rejoiced to receive the emblems of redemption from his honored hands.

Three words characterized this saintly man, i. e., Faith, Fidelity and Charity. Who ever knew one possessing more faith—a faith more child-like or more unfaltering? It was enough for him to know “It is written,” and a “Thus saith the Lord,” was, with him, the end of all controversy. Such a

man was never troubled with doubts, his sky was never overcast with clouds. He "knew whom he had believed." Then, as man and minister, how true was Father Isbell—true to his word, faithful to all his engagements. When he agreed to preach, or visit pastorally, or meet a financial promise, no one questioned its exact performance. Everyone knew that his word was as good as any bond. And as for the grace of charity, he was its living impersonation. No carping criticisms, shadowing suspicions, or standing doubts, respecting absent parties, found utterance from his lips. Being trustful and true himself, he seemed to take for granted like principles governed all his acquaintances. Of course he was sunny and always beaming with hope. Many will remember with what a bright and shining countenance he assured his brethren, in the church, of his prospects beyond the grave. With that ringing yet pathetic voice, and with hand pointing toward the cemetery, he exclaimed, "It will not be long till this poor tabernacle will be carried up the hill yonder, to rest till resurrection morn. But I shall not be there. That day I shall be with Christ in paradise. Absent from the body I shall be present with the Lord." And he is, Blessed be God!

"Forever with the Lord
Amen! so let it be
Life for the dead is in that word
'Tis immortality."

IN MEMORIAM.

MY FATHER.

They tell me that my dear father is gone. I cannot realize that it is so—that never again shall I see him in this earth-life; that the voice is hushed that spoke so many loving words to me, and was so often lifted in prayer to the Heavenly Father for me and mine; that the lips that taught me in youth how to tread in God's narrow pathway, are forever

closed; that the dear hands that were ever so ready to minister to my wants, rest quietly on his bosom now; that the feet which went on so many errands of mercy, will tread no more these earthly shores. No, he is gone! But grieve not, poor heart of mine. Think not selfishly of *your* loss; think of *his* joy. Think how his heart must have rejoiced when he awoke in the "Paradise of God" and saw the blessed Savior he had so long served. And when he clasped hands with the precious ones of his household band, who had entered the haven of rest before him, how great must have been his rapture. I doubt not but they mingled their voices in songs of praise to the Lamb, who had thus redeemed them and brought them to this glorious clime, never again to be separated, but to be, "Forever with the Lord."

Then, too, the souls who were saved through his ministrations, and who are now dwellers in the Celestial City, must have given him a warm welcome. They loved him on earth—they now gladly greet him in heaven.

So murmur not, but rejoice that for him all of life's weariness and care is *past*. No more sorrow or pain can ever be his; and still the sweet memory of the past is ours, with also the hope of a blessed reunion by and by, when to us this fitful life is over.

Our mind loves to wander back to our childhood days when we were ever by his side. He was such a kind, loving father, ever interested in all our childish wants, and ready to explain the things we did not understand; or do aught in his power to add to our happiness.

It was never too much trouble for him to climb the rocks for the wild columbine, or the fragrant azaleas, which we so longed for, but which were too high for our tiny feet to reach.

When our playmates attended amusements in which he did not think it right for us to join, he found some way to give us enjoyment which atoned in a four-fold measure for our supposed loss.

Thus, by kind guidance, instead of harsh commands, he taught us to love the pure and the true.

His was a deep, religious, and poetic nature. He gathered stores of knowledge from nature, in all her forms, and from the books he loved so well. With these he held daily communion, and through them, with God.

To him the Bible was truly the "Book of Books." Over and over again did he read its pages, and study its meaning, but still it was always of the deepest interest to him. It *never grew old*. In his early manhood he gave himself entirely to the Lord, and he never took back the gift, but as the years went by, consecrated all his powers and talents to Him, and labored zealously to win others for Christ.

Old age came, but though it enfeebled his body it did not dim the lustre of his mind. This was clear to the last, and with patience he waited for the Master's coming, trusting so firmly in Him, that whatever did betide, all was well: God's time for his departure was his time.

And his trust was not in vain, for without a struggle or a sigh, "God took him, and he was not."

Like the ripened grain, he was gathered home, and now is at rest.

Thank God for such a life and such a death.

Willford, Nebraska.

EMILY T. KING.

Extracts from Letters.

REV. DR. WM. FAWCETT, CHICAGO, ILL.

Our Fathers, where are they? And the prophets, do they live forever? Another *father*, true and faithful, loving and noble, has passed out of our sight; yea, and another *prophet* of God has been called to give *answer* to *his name* and to wear his crown, amid the glorified, who have been long expecting his arrival. There is added sorrow on earth, but new joy in heaven, because Rev. Bishop Isbell walks not with *us*, but among the coronated prophets. Every time the door was opened at Hazel Knoll and an earth-loved, earth-bound spirit has been set at liberty, heaven's glad hosts have been made more glad-some, and the quiet of the homestead has added to the music of the skies. My dear, true friend has gone, but I will not weep, for the corn was fully ripe.

MRS. EMILY MERRILL, RANDOLPH, N. Y.

I think of your beloved father's departure—so grievous to you—so sudden—so sharp the pang. But it was all right. You needed not the parting word of assurance that all was well with him. He lived with his hand in that of the blessed Savior, day by day. His every day life, an evidence of the transforming power of grace, and at the last,

"Death found him on the field,
A watchman, slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red cross shield."

You can but miss him—his charming conversation, his place at table so seldom vacant: but it is only for the living we sorrow.

MRS. F. BAGLEY, CASS, IOWA.

No language can tell anything new of the beautiful, simple, Christian life, Rev. Isbell led, for so many years.

MRS. E. E. MACY, EVANSTON, ILL.

We say sad—*it is sad for us*—and although our philosophy and our religion point to the fitness of the transition, it is “the survivor dies.” I thought of you and your father, distinctly, *about as he was passing away*, wondering how he was enduring this long, sharp winter. You must have great comfort in the sympathy and words of friends, to whom he was so much endeared.

MRS. SAMUEL PORTER, CHICAGO, ILL.

We have followed the funeral cortege from the home to the church and thence to Riverside, *believing Bro. Isbell and our loved ones, have had a reunion!* We will take up the work they laid down, until we hear the welcome summons to rejoin them in that happy land.

MRS. ALBERT GRISWOLD, WILLIAMSBURG, IOWA.

What a beautiful life Cousin Isbell led! We often have wished for the helpful talks he always gave us, when our guest, and shall ever have dearest memories of him.

DR. AND MRS. ISBELL, CENTER JUNCTION, IOWA.

Cousin Isbell was so good, we know it is well with him. Howe truly said, “What is the death of a saint but a translation out of a Golgotha into everlasting life.” “It is entering a purer and more glorious world.”

MRS. ROBT. DOTT, ALEXANDRIA, DAKOTA.

Our treasured friend, your father, had lived such a useful life, we believe he has an honored seat in heaven, with his beloved wife and daughter.

MRS. ELLA STRAWMAN, ANAMOSA, IOWA.

How perfect the dear father looked as he lay in his beautiful casket! The dear ones are gathering home.

MRS. J. B. SHESSLER, SPENCER, IOWA.

And so your father has passed to the better land—just awoke in heaven!

“Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep.”

He is now enjoying the mansion our Savior had ready for him, and doubtless holding sweet converse with his own loved ones.

PROF. S. WILLIAMS, CORNELL COLLEGE.

Rev. Isbell, having been my faithful friend, as also of my own translated father, this bereavement comes most closely to me, personally. Bro. Squires, too, of the same (Troy) conference, just gone home. I am happy when I think of the noble work each of these three valiant watchmen have done for our church; and for the honor of their example and acquaintance. I am profoundly impressed with our own mortality and urged to better work for “God and Humanity.”

MRS. A. H. STEARNS, MORRISTOWN, TENN.

We rejoice, while sweet tears are falling, that after a glorious voyage, your sainted father has landed safely, where “there shall be no more sea.” What a blessing to have had such a father, passed into the heavens, yet living until the end of time, in the work he has done. Let none say he is dead! No, No!

MRS. F. A. HALL, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Thank God for giving you such noble parents, and what a consolation to know your father had every care and attention, that loving hands could bestow!

MRS. REV. DR. F. BRUSH, HELENA, MONTANA.

The grand old saint has gained perfect peace and joy and rest! We loved him and appreciated his friendship to us. I recall his wonderful sermon, that Sunday morning, when the supply failed, and I asked him to preach, as he sat, awaiting the services.

L. C. STRATTON, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

It is sad to part with my brother, but he has gone to his reward and if we are faithful, in doing right, and in the Master's service, as he was, we shall meet him, on the other shore.

MRS. M. T. HIGGINS, DETROIT, MICH.

What a blessed transition for Mr. Isbell, from this life of disappointments, to those heavenly mansions prepared for him and how blessed that he was not left to linger until his bright intellect was clouded, which is far worse than death. I often wonder why such *useful persons* are taken and useless ones left.

MISS CARRIE SNYDER, MORRISTOWN, TENN.

A beautiful, courageous soul, that made earth more heavenly, has but gone to heaven, making it nearer and dearer to the multitude he loved and who love him.

REV. DR. ALBROOK, IN "DISTRICT METHODIST "

Rev. Bishop Isbell was an able preacher, an upright Christian man, a devoted friend and a glad helper in every good cause.

MRS. W. N. BRAINARD, EVANSTON.

I recall with great pleasure, the many pleasant talks with this dear father, while at Hazel Knoll, and his life and character are the most precious of legacies to all his friends.

MRS. REV. J. H. STEVENS, MANCHESTER, IOWA.

How sweetly, grandly glorious was that translation! "With long life will I satisfy him and show him my salvation;" and then, "How blest the righteous when he dies."

EDITOR BOOTH, EUREKA, ANAMOSA, IOWA.

There was no one, outside of my own family, for whom I had so sincere and abiding esteem and reverence as your father. As Deacon Barnard said, referring to Rev. McKee's truly remarkable tribute, "it was, after all, like trying to gild gold." His pure, unostentatious, faithful life, *made him the greatest preacher ever in our midst.*

MRS. JOHN. S. CARTER, MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA.

I will always think of your beloved father as the saint he was. What a rebuke his pure life was to those who were less faithful. How much comfort you can have thinking of the Better Land. *So sure all your loved ones are there.*

MISS BREED, CAMDEN, S. C.

I thank God for such a *strong, true life* as that of your father.

DR. HAZARD, IOWA CITY, IOWA.

Happy is a community where such a man lived. Bro. Isbell was pure gold all through.

REV. SCOBAY, AUBURN PARK, ILL.

We have no doubt Bro. Isbell is with the dear ones, who preceded him. We have often been refreshed while bearing him in affectionate, Christian remembrance to our Heavenly Father. The sketch sent seemed almost like hearing again the Gospel, in his earnest and forcible way, coming from his heart and *always reaching the hearts and consciences of his audience.* I cannot realize he has departed—I can only think of him as gone with Enoch and Elijah. *He was* and then—

like passing out of a door—*he was not*, for God took him—aye—took him home.

REV. G. W. BRINDELL, SHELL ROCK, IOWA.

Your father was a great treasure and joy—so honest and pure and good—a ripe shock of corn—only awaiting his transfer to the heavenly garner. I have inscribed a few lines as you requested. Would they were worthier of your honored father.

MRS. REV. BRINDELL.

And now he *is safe at home* and better cared for than *any care mortals could give*, in the house of our pilgrimage. But, oh! the *vacant chair* and *place* in the *home*—the *church* and the hearts of *loved ones*, but Jesus knows it all and underneath are the everlasting arms.

MRS. REV. DR. WM. BRUSH, SIOUX CITY, IOWA.

This is a very sad bereavement. Not sad to the dear one who has been so recently welcomed to the joys of Paradise, and to the companionship of *his dear ones*, who met him at the "gate beautiful;" not sad for him in the "continuing city" and abiding home, but for us who still "abide, awhile, in tents below."

MRS. DR. ALDRICH, BILOXI, MISS.

I think of your tenantless home, but in the many mansioned house, what must the meeting be! How wonderful the dear father's translation and how blessedly he was spared, in the going.

MRS. DR. DIMMITT, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

One so grand and useful will be greatly missed by a large circle of friends; but how blessed to be taken, by the loving Father, to dwell with the loved ones gone before. Your father, for years, has been more with those in heaven

than with us on earth, and as we must soon follow, how glorious, if as ready as Bishop Isbell.

MRS. ARLINA QUINN, BURLINGTON, KANSAS.

What Uncle was to me, and how dearly I loved him, God only knows. For forty years I corresponded with him; for to him was my first letter written. Earth is greatly changed, for his life was a perfect benediction to all who knew him; and yet how glad I am that he went home so sweetly and peacefully; and we know our loss is his infinite gain.

MRS. ADELAIDE HARMON, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

From my earliest childhood, Uncle has been, to me, a living example of a perfect Christian life.

MISS SALLIE WOOD, GLENWOOD, IOWA.

We desire, as a family, to express our sorrow and our sense of personal bereavement, in the death of our beloved, honored and now sainted friend, Rev. Bishop Isbell; while we thank our Heavenly Father for his life and royal work, and for *that peaceful end*. Foremost in every good work, by his consistent, earnest life he showed the power of God's grace, and "thanks be unto Him," we have *the sure hope* that *for him "to die was gain."*

MRS. REV. DR. PRENTISS, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

What a beautiful life your father led and what joy must he have had to ascend to those who were so safe in heaven. You mourn his loss of companionship, but can rejoice that he has been "clothed with immortality."

MRS. DR. VAN ZANDT, CHICAGO.

With sad heart and tearful eyes I have recalled the pure, noble life of Rev. Bishop Isbell. With what cheerfulness he endured all the discomforts of early western days, when he was an ever welcomed and beloved guest in our home. No

other one bore quite the same relationship to our family, for he could come at any time and be equally a comfort to the old and young, and no more esteemed friend ever crossed our threshold. His kind nature, refined, Christ-like life, inspired us with holier desires and ambitions, and we are to-day a better family for having known him. His cultured mind, gracious manners and purity of life, gave a beauty to age which is rarely seen. Among my most cherished memories, from childhood, will be those of your dear father and lovely mother.

MRS. REV. DR. HINSDALE, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

This sad change in your home, re-unites the parents in the land of joy.

MRS. GERTRUDE DILLON, VALLEY SPRINGS, SO. DAK.

How lovely the flowers, but not so lovely as the life work of my precious Uncle, passed to the beautiful shore. I have cried until my heart seems breaking, I loved him so, and yet how selfish to mourn, when it is "*far better for him* to depart and be with Christ."

MRS. J. C. DIETZ, CHICAGO, ILL.

We honored and loved your father for his noble qualities of mind and heart. Memory has been recalling many pleasant scenes in which his bright, pure face appears in the foreground—his inspiring social converse, in his visits to our home—the dear old Sabbath days, when we were sure to see him in his wonted place. Although we know the world's legacy is only sorrow, we did not think the "phantom boat" would so soon again touch upon your shore, to bear the last of your beloved household across the trackless waters. But in an "hour we think not," our loved ones are beyond our sight, above our ken. Could our dim, human vision pierce the dark pall of death and see this dear friend's departure is only a marvelous

“transition” and by Christ’s act divine he lives again, brave, beautiful and young, how much more clearly could we understand “our loss is his gain.” Instead of sorrow let us offer thanksgiving to God, for his grand, Christian character and exalted, ministerial labors—thanksgiving that death cannot obscure the soft radiance of his pure and consecrated life, thereby bequeathing to the world a legacy of unfading virtue; thanksgiving, that he is translated to the shining hosts, among whose glorified numbers, he has been re-united to his own dear ones, for whom his soul yearned, in fond anticipations, and our own darling Mattie.

MRS. DR. WETMORE, CLINTON, IOWA.

I deserved the solemn privilege of following one so sacred and dear to us all to the silent tomb—the friend and companion of my dear father, (Rev. John Pegg), and one in whom we all so trusted, for his strong faith and prayers. Oh, how pure his spirit was! He was always so near God and is now a “ministering spirit” unto us. When the mail was announced, I was reading the article, written by your dear father, “The Transfiguration.” He speaks of Peter who “could well afford to die in the contest, as it was only exchanging an existence of less glory for one of unspeakable splendor; the triumphs of death are comparatively short.” I always loved this article, yet *now how precious every word is to me*. Yes, I know where the precious dust was laid. I think *they* were glad to have him come and he was so ready. Will our last testimony be as restful and grand as his? Oh, the priceless memories of the delightful associations all along from the Poultney Academy, in Troy Conference days, to the sweet communion of these later western years. I almost hear our translated one saying, “The Christian life pays as nothing else does.” Be assured loving, tearful benedictions come crowding to you from hundreds who love and honor you.

MR. AND MRS. J. H. DICKEY, GLIDDEN, IOWA.

Your father is happy now, with the loved ones, in a better world and we could not wish him back, but for all that, we must "sigh for the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still."

MRS. CHAS. DIMMOCK, ALTON, ILL.

How much better for the dear father to be thus taken to heaven, for he had done a great and good work all the days of his life. He went just as I wish to go, when God calls me!

MR. J. B. BEARDSLEY, TOWANDA, PA.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." The story told—the confrere of my youth—my faithful correspondant in age—the light of the church—the chosen of heaven—his earthly career ended—the haven gained—the warfare accomplished and the *victory won*.

Extracts From the Journal of Rev. Bishop Isbell.

Bishop Isbell was the son of Peruda and Mary Smedley Isbell. His father was a man of exalted spirit, and in his character left a legacy to his children, which they value more highly than silver or gold.

In Mary Smedley Isbell was found the best of mothers and a most exemplary Christian.

When but four years of age he was the subject of many narrow escapes, through remarkable interpositions of Divine Providence.

When three years old he went a mile to school, and though unable to tell whether he was a good or bad scholar, he does distinctly remember carrying his dinner, daily, in a basket made of white birch bark.

At his uncle's, all the time out of school, was spent in some useful labor, so his recreations were "few and far between," but the morning and evening prayers, and system of the family, were helpful.

While his hands were busy with toil his mind was occupied in framing stories, which he often related for the amusement of his associates, who applauded generously, not dreaming they were originated by the narrator.

After his school days closed he worked at painting, having discouragements sufficient, in all his worldly undertakings, to *finally see* that the earthly honors and wealth, so earnestly sought, were not for him.

He labored for the salvation of souls, by holding meetings in town and adjoining villages, and was appointed class leader, at Hancock, fourteen miles distant.

His first license to exhort was granted in Williamstown, Mass., Dec., 1831.

In the summer of 1833 he was greatly exercised about traveling and preaching the gospel (among other circumstances) by an unconverted man urging him to preach at Reedsborough, where he was greatly blessed; and later, at Whittingham, Wilmington, Stamford and Clarksburg; to the last has been credited a large society, by his efforts, which eternity alone will prove.

Admitted to the Troy Conference, Aug. 31, 1833, Bishop Hedding presiding, and started for the Dalton Circuit, Sept. 14, and September 18, at the first prayer meeting, in Pittsfield, large numbers came forward for prayers and some of the most hardened sinners in the neighborhood were converted to God. The fruits of that revival still remain.

This is my second Sabbath as a traveling minister. After the evening service many came forward as seekers of Christ. Received seven into the church.

March 3, 1834. The protracted meeting in Savoy closed last night; 60 profess conversion; 36 united with the church yesterday and 20 more will join soon.

March 13. Last evening fainted away while trying to preach, and though very ill this chilly day, am called to Windsor to preach the everlasting gospel. I believe I ought to go and God is my trust and will take care of the results.

March 31. Have been holding 12 days services at Peru; 33 have found the Savior and the altar is still thronged with penitents. My soul has been full of glory all through the meeting.

July 20. I have walked 16 miles to-day and preached three times. My soul magnifies the Lord, notwithstanding my fatigue.

July 21. Since one o'clock walked to my appointment at Wilmington and back, 20 miles.

Aug. 26, 1835. Conference convened in Albany, N. Y., to-day, Bishop Emory presiding. I am sent to a charming home.

Sept. 16. I have traveled 2,000 miles and preached 180 sermons the past year, but how little I have accomplished!

May 11, 1836. To-day have been doing work that belongs to the stewards; still I am glad to get bread by hunting for it this year.

Sept. 15. This has been a week of severe toil. I am obliged to paint the house we now occupy, to pay the rent, that being the condition upon which we obtained it for a short season. I must soon move again.

March 13, 1837. We dedicated our new church and continued the services, and souls were converted.

May 31. Great excitement at this Conference session against abolitionism. Rev. Witherspoon was complained of for severity of language against slavery, but was afterward ordained. Bishop Hedding presides.

1839-40. Berkshire Circuit had 12 preaching places, the towns of Berkshire, Enosburgh, Richford, Montgomery, Franklin, one appointment in Canada and one in Sheldon. Rev. A. Hall was sent to aid me and we labored in great harmony and had glorious revivals at most of the appointments, and were preaching, praying and visiting almost every day.

Our Quarterly Conference would have made a good State Legislature; many of its members had been Representatives and Judges. It was a blessed sight to behold and pleasant was our intercourse with them, and their memory will ever be precious to us. We had flourishing Sunday Schools, with good libraries, and more than \$100 was raised for missions each year.

June 17, 1840. Conference began to-day in Middlebury, Vt., Bishop Roberts presiding.

Jan 1, 1852. Watch night at Root, and preached twice.

Jan. 2. Preached at Leatherville at 10 a. m. Drove five miles and preached at S. Basin, at one o'clock; then thirteen miles and preached at Carlisle in the evening. I thank God for a place in the ministry, with all its toils.

May 11, 1853. Conference in session at Schenectady, N. Y. Appointed to preach Sunday afternoon. Bishop Waugh gave tobacco its due.

June 9. While repairing old parsonage furniture, renovating cellar, whitewashing, when I should be in my study, I am, nevertheless, supported in the ministry by a sense of God's presence, which debars discouragements.

Sept. 18. Preached four times, married a couple and baptized a member.

July 26, '54. At the grave of my father. God of my fathers spread over me Thy shadowing wing!

Dec. 1. Painting the church though too ill to do it, and hope to get through without great loss, and glad to do it since the only chance to have it accomplished; yet anxious to be at my appropriate work.

Dec. 16. Began papering the church at 3 a. m.

Dec. 17. Read a manuscript sermon (prepared some time since) after the painting and papering of the week.

Feb. 5, 1855. Our house is very cold and one cannot be warm in mild weather, and excessive cold continues. But submission is duty and privilege.

March 25. Walked ten miles and preached three times. Very feeble in health.

May 9. Conference opened in Troy by Bishop Simpson. Am chairman of Committee on Slavery. Gave the Tract address, Friday night. Go to Guilderland.

May 29. Scraping the walls and trying to paper the parsonage.

Aug. 4. To-day, after three months severe labor, I have the inside of the Guilderland home quite cozy; the house we can occupy at the longest but twenty-one months more. I

begin on the outside now. But these days of toil are interspersed with the delightful friendship of Bishop Hamline and family, and frequent visits.

Dec. 31. Drive 18 miles to N. Scotland and preach at a watch night service; return the 18 miles in time to close the old year, in publishing God's word and administering the sacrament here.

June 18, 1856. Invited by Bishop Morris to conduct the opening exercises of the Conference this morning, here in Burlington.

June 29. Castleton is the first parsonage I have not had to paper and paint to render habitable.

Jan. 1, 1857. Commence this day, with prayer, at watch meeting.

July 9. Quite ill, yet get to painting the church about 6 a. m., but had a severe fall from the scaffold.

Aug. 11. At Uncle Levi Smedley's, where mother was born and I was bred. Williamstown is especially dear to my most stirring recollections and to tread these grounds, of my childhood and youth, with my family, awakened powerful emotions. Excellent mother. I am sure thy habitation will be glorious, in a future state, whatever my own may be! *

Oct. 7. Try to consider the condition of the people that I may adapt my labors to their needs.

It may be well to study the views of others, in making sermons, but I believe it better to study the Bible prayerfully and so prepare a discourse as to be best understood and then powerfully apply the word.

Jan. 2, 1858. Very glad to get out of the church work for to-day and prepare a sermon from Acts 16, 28.

Jan. 3. The Lord helped me preach—congregation seemed much affected.

Jan. 24. Large congregations; glorious meetings; many converted.

Feb. 2. New converts and new penitents. God is doing glorious things.

Feb. 7. Many forward for prayers and God is working in great power.

March 11. More than one hundred converted, to date, mostly heads of families, and the good work continues.

March 28. Sermon more than usually complimented.

April 25. Large congregation. God is here. My last sermon to the people of Castleton. After service I met each person, at the altar, and shook hands.

April 26. Started with horse and buggy for Buffalo; thence by boat to Chicago, then by my own conveyance to Iowa.

May 24. Fearful sloughs, streams to ford, and many perils to encounter.

May 27. Reached Anamosa about noon—looks new! Visit my four acre farm; like it much.

May 30. Preach my first sermon in the West, in the Anamosa Court House, to eight persons.

Aug. 15. Preach at Cass in a. m.; Union school house, p. m., and Prairie Hill at night.

Aug. 22. For want of team and help have to work very hard; so I have occasion to review my course, in coming West. Still think I did right.

Sept. 12. Began the Langworthy Circuit this morning. Preached in the Anamosa Congregational church at night.

Nov. 1. Find the people all struggling with the inconveniences of a new country.

Jan. 8, 1860. A good season in preaching. Many staid to class meeting, not members of the church.

Jan. 16. An itinerant's life, at the West, is no sinecure. My work is much harder than when effective, at the East.

March 15. Nature smiles in her robes, seared and torn by the winds and frosts of winter. She is like a serene, cheerful and hopeful old age.

April 2. It seems, with these daily chills and fever, I cannot live, but God is my trust and He helps me. We have great care, anxieties and many losses on student's tuition, but many mercies.

Sept. 26. While the hands work the soul goes out after God.

Dec. 30. Have preached 107 sermons this year.

May 17, 1861. At last I have finished my hawthorn hedge. Am thankful God has enabled me to do so important a work.

Nov. 4, 1861. At the flag presentation of Capt. Buell's company of volunteers, who left to-day, Eliza made the presentation address. Deeply interesting time.

Nov. 23. Mrs. I. and Eliza go to town to aid in forming a S. Aid Soc.

Dec. 22. Storm so furious gave up going to my appointment and preach to the household. We have had, through God's blessing, a profitable day.

Dec. 23. Assist the ladies, in town, in getting off a box of articles, for our sick soldiers, in hospitals.

Aug. 12, 1862. War meeting to-night. Make the opening speech.

Dec. 13. Get the church painting and varnishing done, for which I am thankful. Wearisome work.

Jan. 1, 1863. Our fair continues down town, to pay for our church.

Jan. 2. Prayer meeting. Few out, but a profitable time.

April 23. I have been thinking much, the past week, of my loved Troy Conference, in session. I am like a seared leaf, driven by the autumn winds, far from the parent tree.

Aug. 13. It seems strange I toil so hard and accomplish so little. Is it because God would have me attend exclusively to the work of the ministry?

Sept. 5. Was deeply affected while writing an outline of my sermon for to-morrow, on Math. 7, 21, 22, 23.

Nov. 13. Write a prologue for a tableau, for our Students' Exhibition.

Nov. 27. Had an Exhibition, this evening, in town, for the benefit of the Sunday School. All passed off nobly. \$17.50 the result. Glad the scene is over, for it has cost the family great toil and care.

April 27, 1864. Set out 22 trees to-day, in all, more than 100 fruit trees, with flowering shrubs and plants, since I began.

Aug. 7. Preach in the University here in Mt. Pleasant, this morning, and at Asbury Chapel in the evening.

Aug. 10. Preached in Bishop Hamline's class-room at 4 p. m. yesterday and to-day administered the sacrament to the Bishop and family. Precious season. Take leave of these dear friends, probably to see them no more on earth, but with strong hope of meeting them, on the heavenly shore.

Sept. 28. Am permitted to see my dear old mother once again.

Oct. 2. Preach this morning and the whole congregation staid to class meeting. Read aloud some time to mother.

Oct. 3. Bid farewell to my precious mother. My next meeting with her will be in eternity.

Dec. 31. Preached with liberty. On my knees, at midnight, I consecrated myself anew to God's service. Preached 94 sermons this year.

Jan. 23, 1865. Rev. Rosa came with subscription paper for a new church. Gave my note for \$150, which God will help us, some way, to pay.

March 24. Twenty-eight at our tea-table to-night.

April 4. Richmond is taken. Thank God!

June 11. Ride three miles and preach at Pleasant Valley in the morning and afternoon and at Anamosa at night.

Oct. 1. Go to church in the City Hall; first day our church is occupied by the disaffected.

Oct. 10. Rev. Jeffries joined me in asking aid for our new church, of the Ch. Ex. Soc.

Dec. 10. Attend dedicatory services of our new church—all indebtedness met.

Dec. 13. My precious mother entered Paradise to-day.

Dec. 17. Strongly impressed with the strange circumstances that put me in Earlville to-day. God blessed me much in preaching and the congregation seemed powerfully affected. Administered the sacrament.

Dec. 31. The bluejays are flitting cheerfully among the trees of our front yard. Preach at Cass at 2:30 p. m. and at watch meeting at 8:30, at Anamosa. Weary, but confident in God.

Jan. 7, 1866. Preached centenary sermon in town, thence to Newport for afternoon and return to Anamosa for evening.

Oct. 8. My mind dwells much on the missionary work in Virginia and North Carolina.

Feb. 8, 1867. Read 1st Book of Sam'l and part of the second and prepare a sermon.

March 3. Have some precious views of God in Christ redeeming our ruined world.

Dec. 31. Administer the sacrament, at watch-meeting, in Anamosa. The year closes while we are in the church.

Aug. 24, 1868. Have an interesting interview with Rev. Porter, of the Congregational church here in Prairie Du Chien and also with my dear friend, Rev Dudley, formerly a member of the Troy Conference, now the Episcopal rector of this city.

Sept. 4. Got Bishop Simpson, the Presiding Elders and some others seated in carriages, to go to Hazel Knoll to dine. Quite a pleasant time. Attend preaching at 3 p. m. and in the evening. We have six regular guests for conference week.

Sept. 7. A large gathering at our home to dinner yesterday and to-day, and I drove to and from town many times.

Oct. 25. Have peace with God and confidence to call Him my Father. I feel it is a glorious thing to be His child.

Dec. 27. Preached with much liberty. Ten forward for prayers.

March 4, 1869. Inauguration of Grant and Colfax. Am deeply interested. Usual prayer meeting with the students.

April 30. Set out a row of evergreens. The hawthorne hedge, cherry trees and shrubs, which I set out, are all doing well.

June 8. Set out 315 cabbage plants. Comfortable in soul.

June 15. Commence labor in the Bible Agency. Visit 24 families.

June 23. Visit 48 families. An interesting day. The good Master is with me.

Aug. 4. Read my essay at the Ministerial Convention.

Aug. 26. Met Dr. and Mrs. Phebe Palmer at depot and brought them to the camp ground, yesterday. Their meetings have been glorious.

Dec. 23. Met wife at depot, who returns in safety, after eight months visit among eastern kindred and friends. Thanks to God.

Feb. 4, 1870. I thank God He does not hide Himself from me. I desire to have no choice between living and dying.

March 9. Write for publication an appeal to Jones county on behalf of the Bible cause. God gives me precious views of Himself. Write eleven letters to pastors about the Bible work.

July 15. These are very toilsome days. Hope I may reach that *rest*, which "remains for the people of God."

Oct. 25. Write an essay on Heaven, for the Ministerial Association. Write very briefly, but enjoyed a contemplation of the subject.

Jan. 1, 1871. Began the new year at Dawson S. H. in silent prayer and singing the covenant hymn. A good watch meeting.

April 30. Have a good season preaching in the Cass Congregational church.

Aug. 10. Finish my essay on Church Legislation.

Aug. 17. Read my essay before Methodist Association. Quite a breeze, but the truth will tell.

Dec. 26. Horse frightened at depot. Shoulder dislocated. Hairbreadth escape. Much suffering. Soul cleaves to God.

March 26, 1872. Closing exercises of our school. Very interesting. Do not expect to ever resume again.

April 6. Held an interesting communion season, on Eliza's account, whose long and painful illness will soon close.

July 9. Called at 3 o'clock by Adelaide. Our dear, precious, eldest born, Eliza, expired at 6:30 this morning. I rest in God, in this heavy bereavement. Many come to express their sympathy for us.

July 12. Think much of our dear, departed daughter and believe her blissful in the Paradise of God. Write a memorial to send to our friends. Others may have known as pure and perfect a life as our Eliza's, but *we never did*.

Nov. 16. Finished reading the life of Grant. Interested and learned some things I had not known. Read life of Father Taylor. Have been enjoying a most refreshing visit for a few days, at the home of Mrs. Sterling, (Dixon, Ill.,) a friend of our early years, and after whom our precious Eliza was named.

Dec. 6. Got my corn all husked and in the granary and the husks stacked.

Dec. 25. This is reckoned the day of Christ's nativity. It surely should be a *sacred* festival. Am striving to have just views of the value of His incarnation. The real day of Christ's birth glorifies all days.

Jan. 1. 1873. Attended the meeting of the colored people, who celebrate the anniversary of the Emancipation Proclamation.

July 13. It is sweet to trust in the living God and feel he cares for me. He is *good* and *gracious*.

July 27. Sister Hartsough gave us an excellent sermon on being "Filled with the Spirit." God has called this *sister to preach the word, as surely as He has called me.*

Aug. 27. The District Conference, to-day, at Monticello, voted Sister Hartsough license to preach.

Sept. 28. I delight in studying God's word. Had a good season preaching in the Penitentiary to the prisoners, this afternoon.

Dec. 9. Picked more than 20 bushels of ears of corn, besides the care of my cows and horse. In picking corn, these many days, God has given me peace.

Dec. 20. Thanks! fervent thanks to my Heavenly Father for all the blessings which He is bestowing upon me, on this anniversary of my birth.

Dec. 22. These days of wearying toil are sweetened by an abiding sense of God's favor. I find I need that gracious sense now, as much as when employed in constant ministerial labor and I am thankful it is given me.

March 3, 1874. Commence a sketch on "The Prodigal Returning to Reason." Have had the theme in view for some days, as a suitable one for my discourse at the Penitentiary next Sunday.

May 28. Walk out to the bluffs, near Prairie Du Chien, and had very interesting views from the summit, which I greatly enjoyed. At the base of the bluffs was an orchard of crab apple trees in full bloom. Very beautiful and fragrant indeed. Left our kindred for Lansing, on evening boat, arriving at midnight. Pleasant passage. Read the gospel according to St. Luke.

May 30. Mr. Blum procured me a fine fishing tackle and bait, and I set off on a fishing excursion. Walked several miles to the head of one branch of the stream. It was a cold spring. Went up the other branch till the stream was small. Caught quite a string of fish.

June 1. Visit the bluffs at S. Lansing, one of them, the Lover's Leap. The views are very beautiful. Our kindred took us for several hours ride, which was very pleasant. Interested in the boats and rafts, the extensive lumber operations and the bluffs across the river.

Oct. 20. Had a very impressive dream of seeing my own precious Eliza, last night. It remains vividly in my mind.

Jan. 24, 1875. Read the Book of Daniel. Deeply interested in it, as I have been for many years. How wonderfully God graciously appears on behalf of those who trust in Him!

Feb. 7. As it is 21 degrees below zero, do not go to church, but desire to spend these sacred hours, to the glory of Him who instituted the day, on man's behalf. Read 20 chapters in Luke.

Aug. 31. Take leave of our friends. We have been very kindly and hospitably entertained and had a most enjoyable camp meeting here at Farley. We were the guests of the Congregational minister, but invited to many tents, for a meal, with other kind friends. In the past two weeks have had most delightful visits with dear friends at Valley Farm, Independence, Fayette, Manchester, Worthington and Epworth, driving leisurely along in our carriage.

Sept. 2. My soul cries out after the living God. He is the light of my life.

Sept. 4. We have been graciously favored in all our visits, and at camp meeting, and now have a beautiful day for our return home.

Dec. 28. God helped me in preaching the word. Several arose for prayers.

Jan 1, 1876. Thankful to God that I am spared to see another year. Am aiding Rev. Smedley in his protracted meeting.

Feb. 25. Hear Colfax's lecture on Lincoln. Good.

July 4. Hasten my morning work to get down town to Sister Van Cott's last meeting in our church. A very interesting and affecting service. Her labors have been successful.

July 5. My brother Samuel dead. Gone to be forever with the Lord.

Oct. 23. On returning from her school to-night, Adelaide gave me a round trip ticket to the Centennial, and has everything ready for the journey.

Oct. 24. Took 6 a. m. Train for Chicago, then by B. & O.

Oct. 25. As comfortable a night as could be expected. Thankful for the return of the light. Scenery wild but interesting; mountains grand, valleys deep; some sections fertile and well cultivated. Trusting in God I have peace. Cumberland is a very picturesque town. Reach Washington in good time.

Oct. 26. Take a look at the Metropolitan and other churches, public buildings and the Capitol.

Oct. 27. Spent the day at Mt. Vernon, Washington's tomb and surroundings, the house, contents and grounds. Time profitably spent and the scenery seemed even more interesting and delightful, when returning, than when going.

Oct. 28. Entire day given to Smithsonian Institute and departments in the Capitol.

Oct. 29. Heard my old friend, Dr. Newman, preach on the "Origin and Constitution of Man." God is my abiding trust.

Oct. 30. Visit President's house, Lafayette Park, State and Treasury Departments. Reach Philadelphia 8:30 p. m.

Nov. 5. Preached for Bro. Pancost at 10:30 a. m., in St. George, and God blessed me in preaching His word. A pleasant and interested congregation. The people gave me a friendly greeting. After the Centennial, *this church* and Independence Hall, are to me, the most interesting part of Philadelphia.

Dec. 31. Reach our church in good time and walk from there to Lockwood's S. H. where I preached twice to good congregations: evidence of a Divine work. A number of young converts. Get home at 10 o'clock. A good day. God helped.

Jan. 1, 1877. Thanks to God that I see the opening of another year. Four below zero, yet a good attendance, at Lockwood's, where I preached to night. Home 10:30.

Jan. 5. Read Ann Eliza Young's expose of Mormonism. Her truthful picture is terrible to contemplate. It gives to the most frightful and loathsome crimes the sanction of religion—makes them stand out as *duties*.

May 30. This is the day for decorating the soldiers' graves. I put flowers on the graves of Col. Springer and Wm. Martin.

May 31. Gather up my diaries and put down some items of Methodistic history, which have come under my observation.

June 3. Excellent sermon. Glorious class meeting.

June 25. Work a long time in the pouring rain, putting up fence along the grass lot. Cattle got in and destroyed the corn that looked so nicely, yesterday morning. These are trying times. A portion of the front nard fence down, and also on the east side of the corn lot.

Nov. 15. Read Taylor's Key to Romans. Very able and mostly correct, but Dr. Clark makes some corrections.

Dec. 20. This is the anniversary of my birth. God has cared for me, these many years, and I desire to recognize His mercy and goodness and love him with all my heart.

Feb. 2, 1878. Reached home from Center Junction this afternoon. Preached twice Sunday and every night since, for the Pastor, in his protracted meeting. Very interesting services, and God moved the people.

May 7. My sister Almira passed away *very* peacefully, yesterday. I arrived at Mechanicsville as the people were assembling for the funeral. The floral decorations were beautiful. Glad that Bro. Lusk came to officiate.

May 8. My soul cleaves to God and finds peace. Talk much about the departed sister and mother.

June 16. Have finished reading the Bible, with Clark's Commentary, for the fifth time.

Sept. 18. Conclude to go fishing to-day. Fish near the R. R. bridge, across the Buffalo. Had pretty good success. Caught three blackfish, three suckers and one sunfish. Several of them quite large. Quite satisfied with the results of the annual excursion.

Dec. 20. God has wonderfully preserved me. O how many times I have been near death. Thanks to God, He has spared me. While cutting wood, Sisters Gould and Jacob Dietz and Sister Benj. White called and presented me \$13.75 as a birthday gift, from several friends. This was a most grateful surprise. God bless them.

Jan 1, 1879. An egg cup and a spectacle case, made of olive wood and obtained in Jerusalem, are my New Year's gifts, with a cane of Jordan wood and another of ebony, bought in Turin, Italy.

Jan. 17. A great fog turned to frost, clothing the trees and shrubs with an enchanting foliage.

Jan. 25. Mrs. Isbell coughs badly. May God grant her rest and relief for the night! He is the only efficient helper and what encouragement He gives us to come to Him and trust in Him.

Feb. 15. We have trials, afflictions and sorrows, but in the midst of all, God is gracious.

April 25. Mrs. Isbell is *very* low this morning. Mrs. Isbell passed away at 4:25 p. m.

April 26. A most beautiful morning. Peaceful in soul. The remains, of the precious one, lie in beautiful repose.

April 27. A portion of the service read at our home and we went to the church this Sunday morning where all the ministers took part in the exercises.

May 11, 1879. A large congregation. Abundant proof of the good work God has wrought, in this region. He helped me in preaching.

June 14. Enjoy some excellent piano music with singing of favorite pieces, by Emily, in her new home, in Cascade. God is good.

June 18. Go to West Cass to the Sunday School picnic. Nice gathering, grove very beautiful and an unusually pleasant season of the kind. Opened the speaking, after prayer and singing.

July 4. This is our country's natal day and a vast crowd of people have been celebrating in town. I have been doing the *duties* belonging to me for the day and God has dealt graciously with me while so engaged.

July 24. Go to the Mondel House and take a bath and treatment. Quite a process. Think the means rational. Drink at the artesian well several times. At prayer meeting. Very good.

July 25. Walk out to the bluffs. Follow, wonderingly, the cattle tracks, to the summit. Glorious views!

Aug. 1. Take leave of my friends and kindred in Prairie Du Chien and close my efforts, for my health, at the Sanitarium.

Sept 7. Preached this morning, here, in Mechanicsville, from Heb. 9; 27-28, and at Valley Chapel this afternoon, four miles distant.

Dec. 25. I am kindly entertained in the home of my longtime precious friends, Wetmore, and everything is present

to make me grateful to these friends and to my Heavenly Father.

Dec. 26. All my wants are supplied and I am free from every care. God deals graciously with me.

Dec. 31. Preached one of the sermons in the Clinton M. E. church, at the watch meeting to-night.

The other 12 journals, from 1880 to Jan. 1, 1893 were sent to Mrs. King, shortly after the death of her father, hence the compiler can furnish no further extracts.

Jan. 21, 1893. In usual health. Read five chapters in St. John. My soul finds peace in God.

Extracts from Letters of Rev. Bishop Isbell to Mrs. Isbell.

KILLINGSWORTH, CONN., Aug. 29, 1834.

I had a short sail this morning, but only far enough to know how it seems to be upon the ocean. I must give up going out of sight of land, unless I go to Europe, for the coasters do not go out so far on the water.

There is a whole ocean of physic here, and the sea breezes are better than stomach bitters, so I hope to receive permanent help. In spite of my resolution, I have promised to preach next Sabbath. This is a pleasant region and the village is like all Yankee villages; nothing very attractive. There is little beautiful scenery from Hinsdale to Westfield, the vision being hemmed in by the mountains, to the sea shore. I came from Suffield, to Hartford, through Windsor, down the west side of the river. From the smoke rising from an old black building, I should say the Devil had one ruin house here. Hartford is a pretty place and next is Wethersfield, the far famed onion town. This is a most beautiful place and many of its buildings are elegant. Middleton is well worthy its reputation and while my horse was eating and resting, I visited the University buildings; all pleasantly located and grand in appearance.

I have been peaceful and happy since leaving home and believe this effort, to improve my health, is in the path of duty.

EAST BOSTON, June 10, 1838.

I had quite a mind to return when at Shelburne, and still stronger inclination to do so, at Middlebury, for I know you needed relaxation and change of air as much as myself,

and felt I must be with you to share our common trials and gloomy prospects. But I reflected, my sensitive, bleeding mind was almost beyond my own control and so far from mitigating I should only increase your anxieties. Through the gracious providence of God I am resting, more pleasantly situated than I could possibly have expected. Here I can take the sea air, bathe in salt water, or fish, at my leisure. My board costs me nothing and I am not cooped up in a close city, but have green fields, water and islands on the north, south and east.

Prospects are favorable for improvement in health, but, to be honest, if I were at home, I would not exchange the pleasures it furnishes, for all the hopes of renewed strength. Absence is the true gauge to test the temperature of my affections for yourself. Now that I am here I mean to make the best of the chance and shall stay two weeks.

Kind friends entertained me on my journey, at Shelbourne, Weybridge, Middlebury, Brandon, Pittsford, Rutland, Mt. Holly, Ludlow and Springfield. I mention this as you know how little money I had, but I got along the rest of the way, for God took care of me.

If you had been with me, it would have been one of the most delightful trips I ever took. Through Vermont I rode constantly amidst a profusion of verdure and blossoms and the sweet vocalists, in the branches, almost enchanted the traveler. The groves gracefully bowed their plumes to the breeze, and in reverence listened to its mysterious whisperings. The little streams smiled joyously, while the sunbeams scattered their treasures into their bosoms; but when their course was impeded by adamantine barriers, and the sunlight was excluded by the overhanging foliage, then their notes became melancholy and they lashed themselves into fury in their efforts to destroy their obstacles.

How like our youth! When all is smiling and care has never reached the heart; when adverse winds are buried in

their distant caves; when every prospect is adorned with beauty, *then*, man is happy. But his early dreams are soon scattered and life's dread realities wither up his hopes with their icy touch. As I followed these streams till they were lost in the Black River and *that*, with Connecticut, and *that*, in the fathomless ocean, I said in my heart, here is a beautiful picture of human life, soon to be swallowed up in eternity.

All of New Hampshire is not so pleasant, the region about old Monadnoc is quite sterile, but grows delightful again as I near Massachusetts. I have enjoyed a spirit of prayer in all my journeyings. Don't give yourself any uneasiness about our temporal affairs. God will provide. I am tempted to bring my letter myself.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, Sept. 15, 1840.

I reached Weybridge, Tuesday, and spent two very happy days at camp meeting. The preachers enjoyed great liberty in preaching and the exercises of God's people were characterized by deep fervor.

But what astonished and overwhelmed me was the smiles so universally bestowed upon *my poor self*. Who would have thought that a place, where the storms of persecution howled so fiercely, would be the one where I should need much prayer to be firm amidst a flood of complacency?

Hundreds came, one after another, with countenances irradiated with the light of friendship's torch, to offer the fervent salutation. And *some came*, evidently, to claim the privilege of friends, on the ground of former opposition. May God give me grace to endure sunshine, as well as storm! There were multiplied inquiries about you. You may be sure that whatever you have sacrificed, you have accumulated a large number of friends, in your itinerating.

I confess it was a cross not to preach, Sunday, but I took it up, as an imperious duty. I intended to have brought my french books, to study, in my absence, but it may be

best, I forgot them. I would lean upon the Lord in all things!

Great mass meeting here yesterday. Hon. Wright, member of congress, gave an excellent political speech, replete with good sense. Mr. Davis succeeded him, who was more eloquent, but less candid. The meeting was an honor to the party, but this political camp meeting did not prove a *spiritual* blessing to me. I have ceased to really enjoy any meetings that are not cheered by the influences of the Holy Spirit.

Oh, when will men do all they do to the Glory of God?

While I am drinking spring water, take all the comfort you can with the plums and watermelons. Keep near the Lord.

NEW YORK CITY, July 21, 1841.

Of our lively Conference doings, in Albany, with our slavery Bishop Soule, in the chair, I need write no more. I heard Dr. Peck preach an old sermon here Sunday morning, and, in the evening, I preached for the radicals, (non-slavery) and was invited to stop with a very wealthy brother, who has left the M. E. church, on account of slavery. They gave me to understand they had some fine *churches, without pastors*, and would be pleased to have me take one, in Cleveland, Ohio, where salary and surroundings, were all I could desire. But *I guess* I shall suffer still more before I leave the old church. I was so ill yesterday I thought I should die in the streets. I went to the infirmary and was cupped. How I shall get along I do not know, but I pray the good Lord to direct. My coat and pants have been calling my sewing powers into requisition to-day. I shall be home as *soon as possible*, if God spares my life. I long to be among my Sheldon Circuit people. Tell Mother Martin to give herself no uneasiness about her affairs. She shall never know want if I live, and can care for her.

CONFERENCE, TROY, N. Y., May 30, 1843.

I have been anxious about you ever since I left home. I wish you were here and am not certain but you better give up your school and come ; it would be better than to sicken and die under your severe labors. I am tempted to set my face homeward, but still it would be cruel to leave Brother Bates to bear his approaching trial, (for preaching against slavery) alone.

Your old friends remember you, with the kindest feeling. Disappointment was everywhere visible, at you not being with me. I visited Sister Baker, in the big house. All is elegant there save the mistress, who is the same gracious, lovely hostess she used to be.

I reached Adams Monday, where I first saw you and then, home, with all its interest, came rushing into my mind. A good revival is in progress. in which all the churches have united. I preached nearly two hours, on Baptism, and have been glad to learn, from many, "that the arguments used were irrefutable."

I have an excellent home, nearly opposite the church. where the conference is held, Bishop Waugh, presiding. I am writing in an ample room, richly carpeted, and furnished with a mahogany table and cane seated, maple chairs. So much for being a *Bishop*!! Brother Bates is still in the furnace. I have never said much in Conference, but now, unyielding duty will oblige me to defend this servant of God.

That defence may bring a storm upon my own head. May God help in this hour of extremity. Do not fail to pray about this thing. You say well, "we have much to be thankful for." God hath cared for and helped us in a thousand ways and if we are faithful to God and steadfast in doing good, we shall see better days. I hope so, if it pleases God! Tell the good folks, at St. Albans, that I shall be glad to return, to my pleasant charge.

CONFERENCE, TROY, June 7, 1843.

We expect a report from the committee on Rev. Bates' case to-morrow. "Uncle Toby," (Rev. T. Spicer) has an immense amount of trouble, with his preachers and I hope he is Presiding Elder for the last time. At the fourth effort he was elected delegate to General Conference. Brother Bates had a good many votes and I hope you will not be overcome when you learn your husband had many votes, successively, to the last. But as I was appointed to preach to this Conference, that will do, till I am older. Dr. Olin is here and spoke with great ability. It will be impossible to reach home for Sunday and so I am to be at Saratoga that day. I was in hopes that our people, in St. Albans, would make an effort to pay the last year's salary. But we are at the mercy of the people and must abide their decisions. I wish I was by our fireside, at the parsonage, with you. Will it not enhance the bliss of eternity to live together, in holy love here, and then renew our fellowship there?

Will not husbands and wives, who have lived happily here, enjoy each other's society, in a peculiar manner, in Heaven? I have thought much on this question and believe the answer must be in the affirmative. If so, how important the presence of deep, fervent and abiding love, in matrimony. What a halo of glory it will throw around the heavenly state! God grant we may feel it so when we meet in another world! Let love be the luminary that shall dispel the gloom of life's pathway, throw its beams around the dying hour, and shed its glory in the eternal world.

My situation, here at the Springs, is remarkably pleasant, but there is, after all, "No place like home," to the man who is well married.

COLCHESTER, VT., Jan. 29, 1844.

I spent most of last week at Barnet. Some were converted and others earnestly seeking the Lord. Had a pleas-

ant tarry at Plainfield, where they "were anxious to meet Sister Isbell." I told them they would like you, whether they did me or not. I have lectured every evening this week, and yesterday attended a dedication, at Worcester. I am to spend the Sabbath at Northfield and Bro. Perkins is exceedingly anxious to have me spend the week at Berlin, in a protracted meeting, but I must hasten on as Agent of the American Protestant Society.

PITTSFORD, Dec. 18, 1844.

I have been constantly moving, with scarcely a moment's quiet, since I left home; yet, blessed be God, my spirit has been in peace. Spoke at Charlotte, Ferrisburgh, Ludbury, Rutland, and my courage is good and my soul at rest, while my body is on the jump. I was treated to a new parlor chamber, with a good fire in it, last night. The servant is above his Lord, but you will understand this was one of the gleams of sunshine, which only rarely beam upon me. Having given you notice of my whereabouts, I will add some of my thoughts since I left home. — Misery will come uncalled, but happiness must be sought.

Is not the grace of God sufficient to keep us always right? May we not ever find the sphere of God's appointment, and walk joyfully in His presence? O, to be ravished with the full beams of Divine favor! Time is *probation*; eternity is *retribution*. Now we are in one, soon we shall pass to the other. O, that its enduring ages may be blissful ones to us! What matchless scenes are those spread out before the faithful! What is our earthly moment of care, toil and pain, compared with those lasting scenes of glory? Time is important only as connected with eternity.

Here we fit for Heaven and labor for the world's conversion. Glorious work! Let it employ our hearts and hands. Pray to know the deep things of God. Tell mother I pray for her daily. I go to Poultney for Sunday.

CRAFTSBURY, Sept. 22, 1845.

Found a large company of choice ministers here at Camp meeting, and I was welcomed with more deference and courtesy than I deserved. I preached at ten a. m., and trust good was done. I have not enjoyed my mind as well for a long time.

I met Dr. Barber, which was a real pleasure, after my long ride, through an almost unbroken wilderness. I lectured in the Methodist and Congregationalist churches, yesterday. This is the best region, for selling books, I have reached. But for mother, I should get you on this side of the mountains, for the winter. But she must not be moved in her poor health. Nine more appointments and then I hope to be at home, for a few days. Have as little anxious care as possible. "There are better days coming." I dreamed you went out collecting and raised \$500.

LUNENBURGH, Oct. 27, 1845.

I spent the first Sabbath, after leaving home, at Wollcott, having been thoroughly drenched in a storm. I spoke three times, at Derby, Sunday, to large congregations. At Stanstead, had a very pleasant visit with Rev. Brock, well calculated to continue the delightful associations I have formerly had among the English Wesleyan preachers. Tuesday evening preached at Salem, Wednesday at Charleston; Thursday lectured on A. P. Society, and here last night. I thought I knew all about bad roads, but I found one more horrible than ever before, in a dense wilderness, with not a house for many miles. At last, weary and faint, I put up at a log house and after shivering awhile, over a broken stove, stretched my limbs upon a hard bed, for the night; by adding my cloak, kept warm and slept, through God's mercy. Lectured three times yesterday; am to preach this evening, to-morrow night give a temperance address, Wednesday and Thursday nights preach and then drive sixty miles, to my Sunday appointments. I am tired of being a bachelor.

I move we make a bargain, one of these times. I hope to be at home Thanksgiving. Our present inconveniences may turn to our future good, even in this world. But life is brief and if we get to heaven we shall not have lived in vain. The joys of that state are lasting. We must make up our minds to ills in this life. I meet persons, living in splendor, who are actually "as poor as a church mouse," and loaded down with debts, they can never pay. "Thus endeth the second lesson."

IRASBURGH, NOV. 27, 1845.

I reached here in the rain, this morning, by invitation of Bro. Pearsons, to spend Thanksgiving. This is a great privilege, in my circumstances, and I could not be more pleasantly situated, away from home. I preached this morning to a small, but very attentive, congregation and we had a season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

The family greatly wished you were here and, of course, I heartily responded, Amen. I hope you have a quiet season at *home*, the *place* much in my thoughts to-day.

After Westford the roads became horrible and my buggy was soon broken and I stopped for repairs about two hours and had hardly started again, before a severe rain came and I was soundly soaked, on reaching Cambridge.

There I obtained an umbrella and pushed on to Johnson, and, finally, got through to Coventry, for my three Sunday services. All that week I had daily tours in deep mud, and often rain.

To-morrow I start again and what success, I cannot tell, as agents are about as thick as blackberries, at present; but the cause is the Lord's and it is for Him to manage and on Him I rely.

I am to be in Sutton and Burke next Sabbath; the following at Lancaster, N. H., and the third at Marshfield, Vt. Weariness is upon me and I must close. You are in my thoughts and affections and I long for the day when I can

live once more at home. I am too domestic for a cosmopolite. You have all the toil, care and anxieties of home, and I, toil and *no home*, but in the bosom of Christ. *There* I find true repose! I have much comfort and an *abiding* spirit of prayer, that attends all my waking moments.

BETHEL, Dec. 30, 1845.

I reached Rochester Saturday Night, where I lectured twice and preached once, on Sunday and have spoken at different points, every night this week.

Here, last night, there seemed to be great interest in the address. For an hour and a half the most profound attention was given, but I fear it was simply the interest of the passing moment, without serious thought. I was never so much impressed with the corruption of society. Lord help me to see the evils with which the gospel has to contend, but save me from becoming a croaker.

The Methodist Society has credit for *great* piety and *wealth* (?) I received \$1.74.

This evening I lecture at Stockbridge; to-morrow attend watch meeting at Rochester; thence to Warren, Moretown, Waitsfield, Middlesex, Plainfield. I hope to finish my labors for the American Protestant Society at Plainfield, and have promised to go to Westford to help in a special meeting.

My mind is at ease about the future. God will take care of us. Hitherto the Lord hath helped us, why then should we fear? Let us trust Him to the end.

PIERMONT, N. H., March 17, 1846.

I wish I could write a more cheering letter than I can now truthfully do. At Chelsea I preached Sunday morning, in the M. E. Church, lectured in the Congregationalist, in the p. m., and in the M. E. Church at night, and received the magnificent sum of twelve cents. My hotel bill was \$1.50. At East Haverhill I stopped with Bro. Clark, who has a very comfortable parsonage, in that dreary looking re-

gion. At Haverhill, where I am to spend the Sabbath, I was most hospitably entertained at the home of ex-Gov. Page. For the three services of the day I received \$2.19. To-night I go to Oxford, then to Lynne, Thetford, Stratford, Hanover and Norwich.

WOODSTOCK, April 13, 1846.

I was most hospitably entertained by the Congregationalist minister last night. Woodstock is the finest place I have seen east of Burlington. The Medical Institute is prospering. Prof. Dewey, who is now delivering lectures on chemistry, and Prof. Childs, (ex-Gov. of Mass.) on the theory and practice of medicine, were out to hear me yesterday; the latter handing me a dollar. A hard campaign getting to Norwich. I had pleasant interviews with Dr. Richards and Dr. Haddock, at Hanover.

I mention these items to you as I believe they afford you more pleasure than I derived from them. I am *too light* for much veneration of men and too matter of fact, for a very *large stock* of vanity.

WHITEHALL, JUNE 8, 1846.

I arrived early yesterday morning and the night did not seem long. This is a large field for usefulness. A good house can be secured, but it is a long way from our church. There is a place for a garden but none made. I think you can get a school here.

I am glad to be in the regular work again. I dread my journey to the Vermont Conference, but *must go*. "Clouds and darkness are around about Him," but we must rest in the truth that "Justice and judgement are the habitations of His throne."

A more than ordinary degree of Divine grace is given to me in these times and truly, it is according to my day. There is perfect good feeling between me and the people, but my claims are higher than they have paid and though willing to try, they have no plan for raising the amount required.

So, you see, trials await us whichever way we turn. But we must trust God and do the *best we can* and *we can do no more*. How different my history from former years! Once I had an elastic spirit, ever buoyant with good feeling, but alas! what a change!

Still blessed be God! my mind is staid on Him. I hope you will pray much and forget not poor, unworthy me. May God help us.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, June 12, 1848.

I spent the Sabbath at Greenfield, in quarterly meeting. Several of the official brethren asked me to come to them this year. What say you? They are wide awake and will give a fair salary. Pray God for direction.

NASSAU, Oct. 13 1848.

I arrived here last night from Albia, on foot, about fourteen miles. I am at the Academy, well cared for, and am grateful for the care of my Heavenly Father. Had a wearisome walk to Ephrata, but a pleasant time while there. I hope eternity will prove the effort was not lost. I preached at Albia and Troy Sunday and every night since, till last night. God is with me in preaching the word and I am securing some friends for our church.

I hope yet to be well, but I pray to be entirely reconciled to God's will. I think of you and hope you have some butter to eat on your bread. Well, never mind, perhaps you will get seasoned to light living, so if our next appointment should be "Camel's Hump" (a mountain peak) you can get along very well, without eating at all. Besides we may *do good*, whether we receive any or not and that is the main thing after all. If we were amply provided for, yet accomplished no good, there would be no ground for satisfaction. We shall have a clearer view of these things hereafter, in eternity's light. It is wonderful, truly, how Providence has led us along.

SANDYHILL, N. Y., June 2, 1849.

Everything in my Conference home is as agreeable as I could desire and the session is progressing rapidly and pleasantly, Bishop Hamline presiding. The Presiding Elder and others, stated that the most intelligent brethren of Middlebury, greatly desired me to be sent to that charge.

My little volume, on class meetings, has been largely purchased, by the preachers, in single copies, but I have urged none to take them, without paying for them. I speak Tuesday evening at the Sunday School Anniversary and confess, to you, I am a *little nervous* about it. I have heard Bishop Hamline again to-day—more able, yet as simple, as the sermon he preached in Troy.

PLATTSBURG, June 18, 1852.

I left Schenectady with Rev. Hall and a few others, for the north, but we kept accumulating Dominies, until, on the boat, from Burlington, we must have had more than a hundred. The dust of the cars was anything but pleasant. From Whitehall to Burlington, we were borne, by the steamer "United States." This was more pleasant, but the heat was oppressive and we moved at a snail's pace. The scenery along the lake is ever grand and impressive. From Burlington we came in the old Saranac, arriving at 6 p. m.

Our Conference opened Tuesday. To-day Bishop Janes addressed the candidates for full connection, most appropriately and pathetically. Wells read a preachment Tuesday evening; Miller, likewise, Wednesday and the preachers generally were glad to hear Coleman *preach*, last night. Dr. De Forest said if there were any *Methodist Preachers*, in the place, they wanted to hear some *Methodist preaching*!

A missionary sermon will probably be *read* this evening. I expect to return to Esperence, but want to be content with any arrangements made for me. The work of the Conference has gone on slowly—no *long* speeches have been made,

yet when the subject discussed, is of general interest, we have a *long shower* of them. This must be so, when we number as largely as now. We had a good Temperance meeting last night. The majority of us are in favor of committing ourselves in favor of legislation, as in Maine, but some plead for tamer things. The minority have proposed various expedients to dilute the action of the Conference, but we throw back the propositions, as fast as they come. I am impatient to get home and about the work of the year. Ever regarding you as a part of myself, language fails in expressing my affection. If I am not as much interested in your happiness, as in my own, my heart knows it not. It seems as if a break in my family, anywhere, would ruin me for earth. I do not conceive myself in the possession of grace *now* to endure such an event, perhaps it might be imparted, as needed, but *now* I feel it not.

P. S. We have carried the Temperance Report.

ESPERENCE, Feb. 31, 1853.

You are now at your native place and must enjoy it and not worry about us at home. I have been absent but one night, since you went to your kindred, for a little rest. I preached at Charleston two evenings last week and yesterday afternoon. Sunday morning's theme was "Propagating the Gospel." I do not know yet the amount of our Missionary pledges, but hope to get them increased. Take it for granted we are doing well. Your providence has made us very comfortable so far. I could wish it were sweet spring, for your sake, for then how pleasant Cazanovia would seem. When your visit is finished we shall be *very* glad to see you, but it is so difficult for you to start, you must not hasten.

SCHENECTADY, May 12, 1853.

I reached here last evening and as usual, have a delightful Conference home. This time with the Deacon of the Dutch Reformed church. Bishop Waugh presides. Through the *wise* prescription of our "family physician," (himself) *who is along with me*, and the more important blessing of Divine Provi-

dence, I am well. Have shaken hands with many good friends. The tract meeting was a stirring one, though the gas lights went out three times. Stevens went off like a sky rocket and carried almost everything before him. Brown read us a Missionary sermon, Friday evening, and having had a year to prepare in, it was towards a year long. Quite a fire, only a few rods from us, but God made us to dwell in safety. Preached in the Dutch Reformed church Sunday. The Lord refreshed my own soul and I *thought* he did the souls of others.

Dr. Nott preached the sermon at the ordination of Elders. My mind is calm and I am determined, by the grace of God, to acquiesce in the arrangements of the coming year. You must be prepared to go to *Middleburgh*. Ours is a life of toil, but there is rest in Heaven. And amid earth's trials, may we not scatter the *roses of virtue*, in the pathway of our children, so that they shall inhale their fragrance, all the days of their lives?

RANSOMVILLE, N. Y., Oct. 6, 1853.

I reached Rochester about 5 p. m., and found it to be a large and beautiful city, with fine public buildings and surrounding scenery, pleasant. By train to Lockport and then stage here, with long delays, which I bore as patiently as I could; having made up my mind to visit my brother, at this, the only time. I would ever be likely to have.

The omnibus had twelve grown passengers, a barrel of brandy and two tomb stones, while the top groaned under the enormous *et ceteras* placed on it. Seven and one-half miles of this, then for the locomotion of one *man* power. On a dry ridge it goes well! Dark, rainy, windy! Splash! Stick! Jump! Take care! There is a ditch! So I go four miles and a half. Get to Myron's about 8 p. m. Visited a little, prayed and went to bed. I do not know whether I shall reach my mother, in Ohio, this week, for this is Thursday and to-morrow I am bound for Niagara Falls. I am thinking of you and praying for you, as I trust you are doing for me.

MIDDLEFIELD, OHIO, Oct. 11, 1853.

I am, at last, once again with my mother, most precious. At Niagara Falls we went to all the points of observation and had our best view from the Canada shore. At first, I was disappointed, but before I had finished I was glad to acknowledge "the half had not been told me." We went to the new suspension bridge, at Lewistown, and a most beautiful one it is. We crossed the one just below the Falls. They are lofty and noble specimens of the skill and capacity of man to overcome difficulties and accomplish stupendous objects. Myron paid all the expenses, which, with the best economy, are heavy, as they almost charge you for looking at your own face, in a glass, near this cataract. I enjoyed the visit much and am grateful to that Providence that furnished opportunity to make it. Saturday, a trip to Niagara Fort, was greatly enjoyed, only wishing you were along. The scenery around the Fort is very fine. I preached twice Sunday—in the Baptist and Wesleyan churches. This is a beautiful and rich country. Our journey here included a walk of twelve miles, but I am glad I came, for mother has been quite ill, all summer and though she is better now, still, I feel I am making *my last visit* to my dear mother. If you were here, it would afford great pleasure to all.

Farmers seem to have little to do but make money and adorn their very pleasantly located homes. The people seem very ingenious and frank and society is good. They insist on my remaining to preach for them Sunday. I am anxious for the moment to come when, after accomplishing all that I ought, by this journey, I can set my face eastward.

Home is, after all, the main center of all that is interesting or desirable, of an earthly sort in this world.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., May 8, 1855.

Although the stage had some fifteen passengers, we were at Albany, in time for the boat. Most of the travelers were Anti-Maine law men and between tobacco smoke and

rum, they were not as agreeable as could have been desired. The public houses, save one, on the route, were in full blast, in the liquor department. The bar, on the Hendrick Hudson, was much patronized and poured out its streams freely.

We arrived in due season in New York and I visited friends and the Book Room, but my long tramps of the day made me feel as though I would hardly give a four penny for the whole city. Saturday wrote on my speech and with Mary, went to Greenwood. Very much interested. Preached Sunday morning in the Hick's St. M. E. Church, here in Brooklyn and had a good time, at the afternoon sacrament service, at the same place.

In the evening heard Henry W. Beecher, at the Church of the Puritans. Liked him well—he goes right into it. Fine congregational singing—a mighty crowd—over 3,000 people. Looked like camp meeting. He is under great responsibility.

WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS., Sept. 24, 1855.

Yesterday, soon after preaching, word came that Sister Evans was just alive and greatly desired to see me. I hastened on and had the mournful satisfaction of having a last conversation with her and praying for her. She died triumphantly, about two hours after my arrival. So our beloved friend has gone home to Paradise. It is natural they should want me to preach the funeral sermon, and a strange Providence seems to have sent me here for that purpose, still I have not consented to stay, without many anxieties about your health and the many things calling me home.

Keep looking up to God and may He grant you both bodily and spiritual health.

BURLINGTON, VT., June 20th, 1856.

Bishop Morris presided at this Conference. With the two o'clock meeting, for making reports and the four o'clock Com. on Claims, and a share of the Examination of the Candidates, for the order of Deacons, I am *very busy*. It does

not seem as if I could endure another year on the Guilderland circuit, and I prefer to move.

I am taking the medicine faithfully, but fear my time of vigor and elasticity is forever gone. The thought is not pleasant, but is forced upon me, by every day experiences.

Now I hope you are enjoying yourselves well and that He who "Tempers the wind to the shorn lambs" is giving you grace, according to your day. Give yourself no uneasiness about the future. God will not desert us.

WEYBRIDGE, June 22, 1856.

You see by date of this I am on one of our old battle grounds. An appointment was made for me to preach here this conference Sunday, without consulting me. Have had a good day, but preaching twice, without any refreshments between, made me very faint and weary. Every one seems friendly, but the Wesleyans are as shy as scared rabbits.

I return to Burlington in the morning. Business is passing off rapidly under Bishop Morris. I have no intimation where I shall go. Presiding Elder Seymour said I had the confidence of the entire Conference. I am very anxious about Sister Hamline and pray fervently to God that she may recover. What would the Bishop do without her?

PITTSFIELD, MASS., May 24, 1857.

We shall probably continue at Castleton. Our Presiding Elder told me to-day he would get a missionary appropriation, but approves of my declining it. I *can't* feel that it would be *right*. So I shall trust God and take results. He *has* taken care of us and I believe He will.

I gave a dollar, each, to the Sunday School and Tract cause, so Castleton was represented, and thus, I have a trifle more in the savings bank of Heaven. I think I must invest a little more, in the same way, through the Irish Mission. Bro. Riley addressed us to-day and the Conference was electrified. We laughed and cried altogether. I reached here without expense and am having my horse kept, where I

stay, without cost, and, as usual, I have an elegant Conference home. .

I wish you were here, for we are living on the fat of the land, and the location is most delightful. I am chairman of but one committee and am excused from preaching to-morrow, so shall have a chance to hear Bishop Baker, who is a much better looking man, than his engraving represents. He has fine business tact.

SUNDAY NIGHT. The sermon was good and if not all I expected, yet worthy of a Bishop, in any section of the church of God. If it had not all the sparkling virtues, of the very best sermons, it was, nevertheless, faultless.

April 30, 1858. (Enroute for Iowa.)

Got started about 8 o'clock. Stormy, cold wind in my face all day. Snow banks in some places and flowers in others. The day was one of discomfort, alleviated by fine scenery, pleasant villages and a mind at peace with God and man. At Richfield, about 83 miles from home, a comfortable place secured, in a private house, for the night.

Thursday was pleasant and I had a fine day's travel, through a beautiful country, and many charming villages. As yesterday, lunched under a tavern shed, where I fed my horse.

Reached Cazenovia about 9 p. m. Rained and very muddy and I made slow progress. Dined, between showers, in gypsy style, by the roadside, and fed Katy in a manger of God's own making. Last evening I put up at a hotel and fared well.

May 2d. This holy Sabbath is a quiet day with me and I am pleasantly situated, with a Methodist family. No village, but a school house, where I preached at half past ten. God is taking care of me and I trust He is doing the same for those left behind.

I have walked two miles to meeting and back again. It was appointed for a prayer meeting, but when I arrived they beset me to preach and off I went like a sky rocket! I can-

not realize I am so far from the loved home circle, with a long journey before me. It seems as if I was out filling my Sunday appointments, but I guess I shall not drive home in the morning. The day has been clear, but a cold north wind and now it is cloudy. We know not what a night can bring forth, but no matter, "Our *Father* is at the helm."

BUFFALO, N. Y., May 7, 1858.

I arrived about three hours since and find I can get off on a boat, Monday night. I could go to-night, but I *dare* not begin a journey on *Sunday*. If I had the time and was *sure* Katy would hold out, I would like to go all the way in the buggy.

With my growing experience, I think I could get along delightfully. No misgivings yet, but it seems in the order of God. I believe that the shadowing wings of the most High are spread over us, and that we shall be guided aright. My health is decidedly improved. I hear you inquire, "When do you expect to reach Anamosa?" Within an hour, after I reach four miles of that place!

May 9th. This has been a happier day than I had hoped. Heard Rev. Ripley preach this a. m., and at prayer meeting at 2:30 p. m., and preached in Grace Church, to-night. This church is very large and well finished.

Your letter here was a cordial indeed.

May 10th. I leave on the *May Flower* this Monday night. The four days here *seem* an unfortunate delay, but bless the Lord, we have learned to reverence His holy Sabbath, and I have acted conscientiously and have the satisfaction of knowing you will heartily approve my course.

LAKE ERIE, May 11th.

The steamer is heavily loaded. It has stormed all day and the waves run high. We have a sufficiently good table and the passengers are comfortable. The "best of all" God is with me and keeping me from care. I am *resting* on the good providence of God. I have no uneasiness about the

future, for I believe that God has a *place* and *work* for me. *No storm* or *waves* on my soul! I have the Book of Books with me and that is a great comfort.

May 12. We are now at the Detroit wharf, taking wood. As I went over this city very thoroughly, when here before, shall not do so now. The rest of the route on the lakes is new to me. I slept finely last night, so you will know I am not nervous, though it is true, I shall be *specially* glad when the lake part of my trip is over.

Now, we have had a very pleasant sail through Lake St. Clair, a beautiful sheet of water and the scenery is very interesting. We were aground a short time, but a good Providence soon relieved us. My heart went up to God, for relief, with *great confidence*.

The wind is strong in our favor, and for a time, a sail was up, but that is now lowered.

We are getting along finely and I am praying we may reach Chicago by Saturday morning.

Evening. We are now on the broad bosom of Huron. I like its looks. It is calm and peaceful now. For some miles St. Clair river is bordered with low, marshy and uninteresting land; but for the greatest portion it is fine in itself and beautiful in its bordering scenery. I have spent much time to-day in looking abroad and have enjoyed myself well. I am a gentleman, at leisure, and have plenty of *time* for writing, but you see my pen bobs about, occasionally, with the ship's motion.

Thursday morning. This is a cold morning for May 13, but, blessed be God, my heart is neither cold nor cheerless. We are still riding upon the bosom of Huron, whose dark waves swell proudly and coldly, in the presence of a strong north wind. I have not suffered any from sea sickness, an unexpected mercy.

Evening. We have passed Bois Blanc Island and are in the Straits of Mackinaw. Many vessels in sight all day.

Friday morning. We are at Manitou Island. The air is unexpectedly bland and we are moving, as sailors say, South, South West. The map shows you our *main* direction, but a vessel's path is varied often, by circumstances, maps cannot explain.

The faithful compass tells us constantly our course. So with God's word; it is our faithful, unerring compass to direct us in our voyage over the sea of time to eternity.

Night. Like many of the days, since time began its march, the promises of the morning have not been realized in the character of the day, for we have had rain, then a strong cold wind, succeeded by a fog, which hindered us much. But the fog has passed and we are sailing on rapidly again.

Saturday morning. Here we are, tied up at the Milwaukee wharf. It is a bright morning. My mind is peaceful. I will go out and explore this city to-day, for though I much prefer going on to Chicago, that is beyond my control and I have only to submit. Half past four. We are just leaving Milwaukee. This is better than I feared. Had an interesting time in the city to-day and got some fresh reading. It is too cold to be out on deck. My *especial* remembrance to the young converts. My picture gallery is a rich treasure indeed.

May 16, Chicago. I am thankful to be fairly off the May Flower; and that she has landed her pilgrims safely, I thank the Author of all mercies. Heard a good sermon from an Agent of the Bethel cause, on Indiana St., this a. m., and Dr. Dempster to-night, and had the privilege of shaking hands with him.

May 17. *Three weeks* to-day since I left home. Could have gone to Europe and back. But traveling is regarded as a great pleasure and I doubt if travellers, usually, enjoy themselves any better than I have done.

ANAMOSA, May 28, 1858.

My date tells you I am at my journey's end. The roads were terribly muddy from Chicago to Anamosa.

I reached Barrington the 17th, wading in the mud all day, getting into a deep slough about 9 p. m., breaking the whippletree, but finally got out and reached my kindred and had a good visit with mother and all. Violent rain kept me indoors till about noon the 19th, when I launched forth in the mud.

Many emigrant wagons drawn by oxen. On the 20th, I dined with Sr. Gray and spent the night in Rockford at Bro. Sandford's, where I had a very pleasant visit. The 21st drove to Peccatonica, and stopped with Bro. Burnham from Friday to Monday. Preached on Sunday.

The 24th started again in the mud. Sloughs common and very hard to get through. Forded some very bad streams. Reached Mt. Carroll.

Several hours waiting, the 25th, at Savannah, for the ferry boat to take me across the "Father of Waters," which is big and muddy.

Mud and sloughs to the end of the chapter!

Toward evening came pat on a deep creek, stretching away beyond its usual bounds and the water roaring and fretting, for many rods, as seen often at a mill dam. Fancy me driving Katy along the top of the dam, for a considerable distance and then plunging into a deep place, without knowing whether there is bottom or not. Water comes into wagon—gives Katy a good washing, swaying this way and that—on we go! Here we are, on the muddy shore! God takes care of us! All right! Thanks to his blessed name! Drive on a short distance and stop with a Dutchman.

May 26. Drive 14 miles along a ridge. Glorious region! Grand beyond all conception of prairie scenery I have ever had.

Maquoketa, large and handsome village, but now all mud.

One said Monmouth should be Mudmouth. And if, at the battle of Monmouth, they contended harder, or took greater hazards, than I did, in my contests with the sloughs, near this

town, then *it was a mighty big fight!* That time, like the Revolutioners, I got the victory. But three miles on, I got stuck fast. Can you shovel tar? No more can you this mud.

But a man with horses and chain, in something less than an age, is found to get me out. Stay at a hotel near Wyoming. Sweet sleep. Rest under the heavenly shadows.

May 27. Anamosa. Do you exclaim "He has had a long, dreary time!" No, indeed. A long journey, but I have not been *unhappy* one moment since I started. I have wished you here, but as you are not, I must do the best I can.

June 13. I have been out 4 miles to Fairview and preached and once, here, to-day. God has blessed me in preaching his word. I still think my main mission, west, is to be filled as a minister of Christ, the home getting, only incidental.

Hence, though without any earthly compensation, I step into all the openings of God's Providence. Wickedness is rife, but God can make the people better. In doing that, He uses means and my heart says, "here am I, send me". When reading the Troy Conference appointments I thought I would naturally breath out some sighs, but I am contented and happy. God helping me I am going to *sing* along the rest of my route to Canaan. I mean to make the *wilderness* ring again.

Money is the great temporal need here, but *religion* is needed more.

June 29. Your letter just at hand; eight days from time of leaving Castleton, reaching me. You have been passing through trying scenes and if God has not been near, they must have been dark indeed. If God will spare our loved one we will praise Him. I believe I am here in the order of God, though I have been led to review that subject thoroughly. We shall ever find difficulties, but I trust they will not be insurmountable.

COLESBURGH, Dec. 13, 1865.

There is a fierce, cold, bitter wind in full blast and I have not courage to breast its terrible power, as I am getting cowardly about risks.

I have received two splendid buffalo robes, from Adelaide, as my birthday gift. I am trying to *firmly, constantly* and *cheerfully*, hold on to God and His abounding grace.

CAMBRIDGE, N. Y., April 18, 1866.

Reached Troy 9 a. m., expected to have a solitary ride to my own loved Conference. Step into the depot to find about 20 of my old confreres. The greetings were as warm as Christian friendship and ministerial fraternity could wish. Thank God! At church, last evening, while waiting for the opening of the service, Brothers Washburn, Seymour, Starks and many others gathered around me to shake hands, in the presence of a crowded congregation. This morning I was asked to address the conference. It was a privilege. Friendly interest greeted me from every part of the house. I am among my friends. The journey will pay, if I return to Iowa, at the close of the conference. The session, this morning, was deeply interesting—Bishop Janes presiding.

To-morrow they re-bury the dust of Embury, in a cemetery there, with the design of rearing a more lofty monument over it.

It seems to me that the glorified Embury, if permitted to look on, would laugh at so much pomp and pageantry. I pray for you many times in a day. I think of the wife, with her *toil* and *cares*, and *beg* God to bless her. I think of our dear Eliza, *always* striving to walk in the *right* way.

NORTH ADAMS, MASS., April 28, 1866.

You will see I am at the place where we began the Itinerary. Was urged to spend Conference Sunday at Williamstown, and consented to do so, preaching Saturday night and twice on Sunday and attended Congregational service at half-past one. I went directly to Uncle Levi Smedley's. They were all evidently glad to see me and I made brief visits to most of our kindred. Everything looks more pleasant than I anticipated.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., May 11, 1866.

I left Castleton on Wednesday, on Barge Cromwell, reaching New York City about 10 a. m. yesterday. The most

delightful passage I ever had on the Hudson river. Capt. and Mrs. V. inquired earnestly about you. I shall return with them, as it costs me nothing, and I could not fail to avail myself of this opportunity to see the dear friends here. I had most delightful visits with our Castleton people. The Ladds have a splendid home here, but I would not exchange homes with them, any sooner than they would with us.

I never had less taste for city life than now, unless the city be a celestial one. Oh, that we may all have mansions in our Father's house, prepared for us by our blessed Saviour. How unsatisfactory all the things of earth, separated from the blessings of the gospel. With salvation, they are both necessary and valuable and their reception should be a matter of thanksgiving, but *alone* how empty!

LOCKPORT, June 20, 1866.

I had a good Sunday at Ephratah and Rockwood. God was with me, aiding and comforting. Last night, through the similarity of Brockport and Lockport, I got off the cars at the former place and found myself forty miles from the latter! The conductor had taken my ticket. I had, however, a check, on a box of evergreens, which I hoped, with a truthful account, would get me through on another train, four hours later, which it did, with only a little uncourteous muttering, on the part of the conductor, which did not disturb me, as my attendant Friend soothed and supported me. The bitter is mingled with the sweet. I have given up visiting Evanston or Barington, and hope to reach home in a few days.

ANAMOSA, May 21, 1869.

We were very glad to hear from you and learn that you are enjoying your journeys and visitings. I anticipated you would have a pleasant time with Sr. Hamline, at Evanston. Eliza is getting on finely with the school. Never better order and the students are all ambitious to learn and are making great proficiency.

We *enjoy* your enjoyment and are glad that we are *here* and you ranging amidst old friends.

Peas more than one foot high. All the early vegetables are growing finely and large operations in the floral and shrub department, where everything looks promising. Apples, plums, cherries, currents and strawberries are in full bloom. Hazel Knoll has donned her beautiful garments.

June 26th. School closed yesterday very pleasantly. I have been very busy, as usual, to-day, also been attending to Bible agency accounts and preparing the Bible discourses for to-morrow. Have visited 190 families in Anamosa and preached twice in Cass. Go to East and West Cass to-morrow and have to baptize three by immersion.

All is passing as well as could be expected. We have finished the strawberries, but are luxurating on green peas.

The vote on lay delegation was over 100 *for* and 5 *against*. I find the Bible work is really such a field of usefulness as I have never before entered. To occupy it well, a man must be more than *religiously inclined*, he must *have religion*. He must appreciate the Bible and *love* his fellow men. God has blessed me in my work. We are thankful you went to Round Lake camp meeting and had a good time. Now you must *rest*, for at your sister's, you can be as quiet as a kitten, on a cushion, in a rocking chair, in the corner. Don't try to visit everybody in North Adams, in a day.

A Ministerial Convention, at Wyoming, next Tuesday. Dr. and Mrs. Phebe Palmer are expected at the camp meeting next month, near Maquoketa.

ANAMOSA, Sept. 21, 1869.

We rejoice that everywhere you meet with such friendly receptions. When you have finished your visit we shall be glad to see you, but not before, for it is true, there is no probability, that either you or I, will ever visit our Eastern kindred and friends again. I believe our children are endeavoring to lead useful, Christian lives. *That* is the *main* thing, for with-

out it, human life is a *sad failure*. Honor, wealth, pleasure—all is vanity, without God's favor here and heavenly felicity for eternity. How brief the space between us and that unending future!

Well, I *think* I am ready. May God still have you under His gracious care and guidance!

REMARKS.

In the interim from Sheldon, summer of 1841, to Esperence, 1851, the hurried years gave no time for a journal. The two years, at St. Albans, had the usual, multiplied duties of the pastorate, with frequent choice articles, for the church papers, from his gifted pen; while a native French teacher was added to the family, and the parents renewed the earnest study of the languages: the *pre-eminent life-rule* being, their constant mental and spiritual improvement, and later, the thorough education of their children, at any and every sacrifice. The parsonage was regarded, by many, as a free hotel, and one Monday, between 8 a. m. and 6 p. m., the wife prepared fourteen distinct meals, for strangers and unexpected callers. Mrs. Isbell continuously supplemented the meagre salary, by a school, in the home and much of the time the pastor taught classes in his study. Yet, at such times, one afternoon, on the return of Mrs. Isbell, from visits, among the sick and neglected of the city, he presented her a beautiful painted scroll, of moss roses, buds and leaves, his skillful work, with the following, original lines:

Let this a scroll of Friendship be,
A pledge of love 'twixt you and me;
A sort of talisman or charm,
To keep our hearts with kindness warm,
And send far off each tempting devil,
Who fain would fill our minds with evil.

Though storms may often howl around,
Earth's path wind over thorny ground,
Yet with Content and Patience sweet,
The Gospel sandals on our feet,
We may keep far from gloom and sadness,
And gather much of joy and gladness.

The agency, of the American Protestant Society, was accepted for 1844 and '45, and a settled home began, in Colchester, Vt., for the invalid mother; but before the two years had closed, the saintly spirited, Mrs. Martin, had entered Heaven and Whitehall was the new field of labor.

Of his American Protestant Agency he writes from Tinmonth, N. H., Jan. 21, 1845: "I feel that God is dealing with me in kindness. Not an hour passes without my thinking of home, yet God saves me from painful anxiety about you. If ever I was doing good, I am doing it now. A narrower circle would please me better, but God's way is always best."

At Whitehall, the medical studies began, and it soon appeared, that many would pay five dollars for relief from bodily ailments, when one dollar was a large sum for *spiritual* help. And though a minister is charged to be "a man of one work," yet the same divine record affirms, "He that provideth not for his own household, has denied the faith and is worse than an infidel." The great expense, and severe labor, of these annual and biennial moves, can scarcely be understood in these three and five years furlough. His love for cultivating house plants and flowers was never lost, amid these vicissitudes, and at each new home he had also the vegetable garden. Blessed revivals continued all along and also in the four years spent in Fort Plain and Pleasant Valley.

A daily journal was kept from the date of his western arrival to the last day of his life; but it is impossible to make only very brief selections, as the entire contents are of profound interest. The second year was one of great physical suffering, from "chills and fever," scarcely a well day, yet most of the time, the entire care of preparing fuel, for four fires, rested upon him. For fourteen years, the "Family Boarding and Day School, at Hazel, Knoll," continued; when the eldest daughter, Eliza, was taken to the "Land of the Blest." Yet in the midst of daily and wearisome labors, the Sundays, generally, found him at his holy calling, of "preach-

ing Christ and Him crucified," and often was he present at Ministerial Associations, with a paper as rare, rich, racy, argumentative and persuasive, as if a student of boundless leisure. In comparing Methodist Episcopal clergymen with others, he says:

"For notwithstanding our ministers are as near or nearer right than others, yet they are defective. There is too great a want of originality. A minister should study all it is possible for him to do and then let God mould him as he pleases. This is necessary to the supplying of the wants of the church. God knows the needs of the church *best*, and if He has the ordering of the matter, He will furnish it with a sufficient variety of ministerial gifts. The minister is too apt to forget the interest his audience has in Bible truth. He must attend to this if he feels the importance of his calling. 3d. There is too great a disposition, on the part of the ministers, to enquire, what subject can I converse upon, with the most liberty, instead of asking, what is most likely to do good? 4th. The minister's mind ought to be powerfully impressed with the bliss of heaven, and the horrors of hell. 5th. Errors that have no existence in a congregation ought not to be dwelt upon, in a labored and argumentative way."

In 1870, as Agent for the Jones County Bible Society, he reports, "Miles traveled, 1,385; families visited, 859; sermons and addresses, 59." It was his custom to carefully write out a sermon for Thanksgiving, Christmas and other National days, even when he knew his audience would be only the immediate family. Among his manuscripts, especially scholarly and devout productions appear, under the following themes:

Sublimity of the Scriptures. Read before an association of Ministers.

Address to the Members of the Burlington (Vt.) District, on Slavery.

Address to the Burlington District Literary Association.

National Fast, proclaimed by Abraham Lincoln, Sept. 26, 1861. Deut. 28. 1-2.

Obedience to God, the Basis of National Prosperity.

Heck Hall.

Daniel.

Signs of the Times.

The Methodistic Ministerial Spirit.

Christian Warfare.

Mystery of God's interest in Man.

Beauties of Holiness.

Christ, the Foundation of the Church.

Hope, the Richest Treasure of a Suffering World.

Miracles of the Bible.

Resurrection of the Body.

God's Witness of Himself.

National Thanksgiving. Deut. 4. 7-8.

Paul's Discourse to Felix.

His choice volume, on class meeting, had an extended circulation.

With ripening years, came increased mental strength and readiness for filling any emergency, by a timely sermon or impromptu address or beautiful, original poem. He had no sympathy with indifference to literature, society or religion, because of sixty or seventy years. Being urged, recently, to write a book, on Ecclesiastical Polity, he said, "Not quite ready—keeping at my books—soon will be."

And though "Christ and the Church," was his life interest, he was fully alive to all passing events, as he writes, March 4, 1861, "Mr. Lincoln safe in Washington. Inauguration Day. *Lord help and protect.*"

May 14, 1861. "Mind much occupied by the war. Feel sometimes, *I must go into the field.*"

Sept. 11, 1863. "Go again to the fair ground. Our ladies have done well with their refreshments and it is thought the church debt will now be entirely met."

His associations, with the pastors, of the various denominations of Christians, at *every one* of his appointments, (and equally so, in the west) were most fraternal and agreeable; always securing an exchange of pulpits, at least once a year.

At Pleasant Valley, N. Y., in the Baptist pastor, he found a loved friend, not seen since they were boys together, neither of them, then, Christians. Delightful the renewed friendship. And this social spirit increased to life's close. At various dates, year after year, in his journal, he gave the names of all present, at large gatherings, at his home; often a dozen or more coming in, unexpectedly, to dinner or tea, or several to spend a few days, where the *welcome* was sure, at whatever cost of labor.

Under date, Oct. 8, 1873. "A large, fine company. As pleasant as a party can be. With some of them, it is, perhaps, the last visit. God deals graciously with us."

At the annual welcome, of 1892, when over 150 were invited to Hazel Knoll, in September, he seemed to enter with greater zest than ever before, in the pleasing visits of old and new friends. As summer trips, to the seaside or fashionable camp meeting resorts, were an impossibility, the only change, for the parents and Eliza, after the severe labors, of each school year, from 1859 to 1870, (with the care of continuous company) was a jaunt, with their own horses, and buggy, for three or four weeks, in the summer, lunching by the wayside, "in gypsy style," and putting up at some farm house, or with friends, for the night, and "by singing hymns and pleasing converse," recuperate for another year's campaign.

On the departure of the beloved Eliza, to her heavenly home, in 1872, a widowed daughter became the family house-keeper and provider, and to May, 1878, excepting two winters, Mr. Isbell carried her to and from her school, a mile; after which date, he consented to yield that task and permitted her to drive to town, the remaining nine years of her school.

From 1873, the land was rented and his toils were somewhat diminished and he was finally persuaded, in 1888, to give up "making garden."

From the summer of 1880, Mr. Isbell has made several, brief, extended trips to western Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska, among kindred and friends, greatly enjoying the visits and scenery, and, as in his daily home life, discovering some rare beauty in a sunset, shadow, golden rod or daisy, for even the humblest flower had a lesson, to his appreciative mind. Again and again has he hastened in, from a walk, to get another to admire with him, some shade of sky, sumach, or gorgeous autumn foliage, in the groves around his rural home. Several walks for exercise were taken each day, between his readings, writings and meditations, while a daily sleep gave rest and vigor. But the home was adjusted solely now for his comfort and all physical labor was, henceforth, forever, a thing of the past; and when he spoke of helping, he was assured he had patiently borne the "burden and heat of the day" and had earned a long, restful evening time. He often said his every day dinner was good enough for Thanksgiving day, which was a great comfort to one never satisfied with her efforts to care for her parents. During these years he read the six volumes of Clark's Commentary (with preface and notes) more than six times. And these student habits, this progressive culture of mind, doubtless, caused the oft repeated assertion of friends, year after year, in life and also when this patient toiler and faithful pastor, lay peacefully at rest, in his cedar casket, "Bro. Isbell does not look a day older than he did thirty years ago." His eye had lost none of its brightness, his keen, ready wit none of its sharpness, his love of nature in no measure diminished and his sympathy for humanity constantly increasing, as his heart went out to each new philanthropy. A few years since he greatly enjoyed a visit from his brother Myron, to whom he expressed his great attachment for his home; said he was very happily situated, every

comfort supplied, every want anticipated, and the Lord was dealing graciously with him.

But this watchman, so lowly in mind and heart, did not have to die to be appreciated. In 1873, Rev. O. W. Merrill, Superintendent of Missions of the Congregational church, writes from Lincoln, Nebraska, "Your letter did me good in various ways. It called to mind the pleasant associations of the eight best years of my life. From you I always had words of cheer, in every good word and work, and your sympathies were with me, in the hard and trying experiences of life. Never a ripple of strife as we labored, side by side. Sorrow has come to you. 'In Memoriam' is written on sorrowful hearts, wherein lie buried the lights and loves of home. Yet I see in your letter a sweet, triumphant hope and my own faith, in Christ's gospel, is strengthened."

FROM REV. SAM'L PANCOAST, PHILADELPHIA, 1876.

Our people, at old St. George, are still remembering your most highly enjoyed and blessed sermons and it would be a great pleasure to us all, pastor and people, to have you with us soon again.

June 14, 1880.

Rev. I. C. Lusk writes, I desire again to express my thanks for those excellent sermons, yesterday. The one in the evening, especially, was an example of expository and hortative discourse seldom equalled. We may well sit at your feet and learn directness, brevity, sincerity and *power*. And best of all, the Holy unction was manifest. May God spare you yet many years, to cheer on His Militant Hosts.

"LIFE AND LETTERS OF BP. L. L. HAMLINE."

FROM BISHOP HAMLINE TO DR. AND MRS. PHEBE PALMER.

SCHENECTADY, June 11, 1855.

Having passed through trials of an absorbing and exhausting nature, we gladly turn our thoughts to our friends,

among whom you occupy the first place. My strength seemed increased and we had a preacher sent to our work, who was *the very man* to attend to the taking of the testimony. One of the very best business men I have found in the whole church; without whom, I know not what we could have done. What a Providence! He seemed to see right through the hypocrisy of Mr. and Mrs. H. with a glance, and he presided and made up his records, with an impartiality and a skill which astonished us all.

Brother Finley said he had never seen a difficult job managed in so skillful and orderly a manner, in fifty years.

We hope to introduce you to this dear Bro. Isbell, during the year, for he is a most gifted and valuable man.

Selections from the Manuscripts of Rev. Bishop Isbell.

THE DEW DROP.

For the Christian Messenger.

It is a Summer's morning, and the breath of nature is sweet. Refreshed with her nightly slumbers, she looks abroad with sparkling eyes, and a ruddy countenance. She has doffed her night cap, and, casting off the fleecy mantle of her nocturnal hours, is arraying herself in her daily garb of beauty and glory, with the sun for her coronet. But passing over the more splendid and magnificent wonders which diversify her robe, let us turn our attention to the little gem sparkling upon this opening rose bud. It is a pearly dew-drop, and seems as an angel's tear, and glows in the early rays of the sun like that in the glory of heaven. Diminutive as it is, it is adorned with the tints of the rainbow. The sun from his lofty habitation condescends to paint upon it with his magic pencil those colors, whose number is the number of perfection. But whatever of surprise this intimacy of objects, between which there seems to be such a disparity, may at first create, a little reflection will dissipate. Coeval in their existence, they may be better acquainted than we imagine.—When the waters were congregated together at the voice of Deity, this tiny drop formed a part of the mighty flood, and, like the great deep from which it is now separated, it is still the habitation of a vast number of living organic forms which sport as joyously in its bosom, as the fish in the great sea. Since its birth, during the six days of creation, its history has

been varied; and, were it written, it would, perhaps, be a more interesting one than that of any warrior, poet, or statesman the world ever saw. When earth's moisture arose towards heaven, to respond to the soft kisses of the morning sun, and veiled the glories of Eden in a white mantle of pure, and beautiful vapor, it was there, burdened with the odorous exhalations of gorgeous flowers and luscious fruits. It enacted its part in decking Paradise with its garb of green bestudded with infinitely variegated gems of flowers. Now it was finding its way through the stems and leaves of the most delicate plants, or assisting in the formation of the most charming buds and flowers; then it was circulating through the pores of the loftiest trees, refreshing their branches which were waving in the passing, balmy breezes. Again, under a formation like its present one, it was seen glittering in the beams of morning, amidst the matin and vesper hymns of delighted Nature, at that enchanting period of her virgin purity. When the sunshine of the Divine promise irradiated the cloud of despair, which invested the soul of Eve in gloom after the curse of God had been breathed upon it, and stirred the heart's deepest emotions, it stood in her eye a tear glistening with hope. It mingled in the stormy scenes of the Deluge, when the roaring waters rushed from the depths beneath, and poured from the heavens above; and smiled sweetly in the favored cloud which formed the canvas on which God painted the bow of Mercy and Promise. Since then it has danced on the crested billows of the great deep, sparkled amidst white foam cast behind by the great ships with spread wings and hasty step, or the lighter craft bounding over the bosom of earth's extended waters. It has assisted in bearing up the bark, freighted with those of saddened hearts, who have sounded the knell of numerous earthly enjoyments in the potent word farewell; or that which gaily sported with the waves on its homeward passage, bearing soul to kindred soul. It has witnessed the wild terror and

dismay which triumphs in the hour of shipwreck, when the sails are torn to tatters—the masts swept away—the vessel dashed against the rocks, is shivered to atoms, and the shrieks of drowning humanity are mingled with the troubled tones of the raging tempest. Often it has appeared on the bosom of the cooling fountain and glancing smilingly at the thirsty traveler, invited him to stop and slake his thirst. It has filled the eye of sorrow, and glittered in the smile of joy, and often stood a witness of the bliss of requited, or pangs of unrequited love. It has mingled with the purling mountain stream—the roaring cataract, and the refreshing shower, which falls from heaven to gladden the face of Nature. And though, whilst we are gazing upon it, it is exhaled by the sunbeams and vanishes from our view, yet invested with its *probable* history, it is an object of profound interest and admiration.

ISBELL.

FORT PLAIN, MONTGOMERY CO., N. Y., Aug. 20.

Bro. Willett:—I was by no means surprised that the Messenger did not come to me regularly, as I had no right to expect more than an occasional visit, if any at all. Yet, to know how much pleasure it gave me to see its healthful face again, you must also know the strength of my attachment to the Green Mountain State, and the power of association. I will confess that I cannot *fully* account for the drift of my affection for a section of country in which I endured severe labor, trials and *sufferings*, unless it is in the fact that it presents nothing *tame* in its formation, aspect, or inhabitants. The linaments of its visage are strongly marked, and the moral traits of the inhabitants seem, in this respect, to be analogous to their country. Still, in a good degree, the attachment may be accounted for on ordinary principles. I owe much to the inhabitants of Vermont, and particularly to its ministers—of all denominations—for their acts of kindness and hospitality. “I was a stranger and they took me

in;" and gave me better lodgings than my Master was wont to have. "I was hungry and they gave me" the luxuries of life. The servant, in point of fare, was usually above his Lord. The Messenger possesses a talismanic power to call up the past agreeable associations—those fire-side scenes, seasons of friendly and pleasant converse, and "heavenly places in Christ Jesus." I thought of it in its absence and felt sad that no voice from the verdant hills continued to speak in my habitation save that which echoed in the chambers of my memory. But, thank God, a Messenger comes to bring me tidings of my mountain home for nine stirring years—of its picturesque scenery—of its lofty hills and swift gliding streams—of the wild melody of its loud speaking winds—its lightnings of the hasty foot and cracking thunder—its piles of snow and cheering winter fires, and, above all, to vividly retouch the images of Christian fellowship drawn in bygone times upon the canvas of the soul. Thank you, brethren, editors and publishers, and if a communication from time to time from one of so small talent for writing for the public eye, will afford the least gratification to you or the readers of your excellent paper, you shall have it. The Messenger does not "backslide" but truly "grows in grace." And, by the way, that *is* a sweet little engraving, leading off as sweet a little story. If my daughters were not absent you might be sure of a new correspondent in response to your invitation.

Yours truly,

ISELL

[This friendly letter, enclosed the following poetical contribution on what might seem *mal-apropos* to the season; but which, of a hot day, brother Isbell thinks may serve as a "refrigerant;" or as a "substitute for ice water."—EDS.]

SNOW.

Celestial Snow, thou hast a noiseless step,
And to the ear of sense thou hast no voice;
Yet to the soul thou dost instruction bring,
And its pleased ear turns towards thy falling flakes;
And from thy history it fain would gain
Some lesson which, if well improved, might bless.
Thou hast thy birth within the frowning clouds;
But from thy dreamy cradle comest forth
To beautify and bless the blighted world.
Just so the adverse clouds of human life
Throw out their dark'ning folds upon the gaze
Of him, who, bent on unsubstantial good,
Makes this poor world his most exalted hope;
And, freezing up his expectations fond,
Leads him to break away from early bonds,
And sends him forth to bless his fellow men.
Thy robe is white although thou hast thy path
Through regions cold and midst the mut'ring winds,
And when the Sun upon the wither'd world
Lets fall its beams thou'rt gorgeous to behold.
'Tis thus by thee the saint is emblemized—
He stands unspotted 'midst the world corrupt
To shine in peerless beauty 'neath the Sun
Who gives the Universe its light and heat.
Where'er thy footsteps lead their action wakes—
A harbinger of cheerfulness thou art,
And profit ever flows in thy train.
So with the saint; intent upon his work
He lives not for himself, as though alone,
But strives with truth to bless his fellow men;
And thus promote their weal here on the earth
As well as help them on their way to heaven.
And like the saint, thy stay on earth is brief—
The Sun shall melt thee off from this dark sphere
Then draw thee upward with its warming rays,
As Christ shall kiss the pious soul away
From this bleak world, and lodge it safe in heaven.

ISBELL.

ST. PAUL AT ATHENS.

In the deeply interesting history of the great apostle to the Gentiles, there is not, perhaps, a brighter page than the one which records his visit to Athens, and conduct there. He had been fighting the battles of the cross for nineteen years prior to that time, and endured much of toil and suffering. Opposition, scourgings, revilings and imprisonments were constant attendants upon his course.- He had come to the Attic city as swept on by the waves of persecution. But with all the weariness of his toils and persecutions pressing upon him, his noble Christian heart was whole within him. Instead of seeking out some secluded retreat where he might find repose; after his long continued and wearying labors, he entered at once into the very center of the life and activity of a great city, to ascertain what work his Master might have for him to do there. He exhibited no signs of discouragement or disposition to relax his toils on behalf of the enterprise which engrossed his whole soul. As might be supposed, in the great capital of pagan idolatry, he soon had full employment. The virulent haters of Christianity, his Jewish countrymen, had their synagogue there; the disciples of Plato, Zeno, Aristotle and Epicurus were there in their philosophical pride. Temples, lofty, magnificent and numerous, towered in architectural grandeur in every direction—splendid emblems of that mighty and attractive superstition which held in its golden chains the best educated minds of the world. And every feature of this showy superstition was hostile to Christianity. Yet in the midst of its temples, its altars, the statues of its gods and numerous votaries, the lacerated and weary apostle found himself alone. He had no august personal presence to inspire interest or awe in the minds of his prejudiced opponents. He was there, the sole representative of the glorious, but humble and uncompromising, religion of

Christ. He was there to assault the passions and prejudices which were the fruit of the culture of ages.

The stripling David, with the sling of a shepherd, and a smooth stone from the brook, against Goliath of Gath, was a glorious sight; but the fragile looking minister of Jesus, bearing the spiritual weapons of Christian warfare, all alone, against the very citadel of Paganism, was a spectacle of sublimity, to command the admiration of angels and men.

Athens soon gave proof that a mighty presence was there. The soul of Paul, stirred by the great-truths of the gospel, and swelling and throbbing under the inspiration of God, prompted him to vigorous action. He had courage equal to the great demands of his circumstances. Though he had just fled to save his life, he did not hesitate to throw it into the scale in the mighty contest which he was now called upon to wage. The Jews, the rival sects of philosophers, and the superstitious multitude, were all thoroughly aroused and excited. He soon found himself before the most ancient and august court in the world, and in the custody of his enemies. The surrounding scenes were impressive, and their association with the wondrous and mighty past calculated to swell the soul with strong emotion; but the apostle was neither daunted nor overwhelmed. Scenes more grand, sublime and interesting, than any that had ever transpired on Mars hill, were doubtless then occupying his mind. He thought more of the Hill of Calvary than the Hill of Mars, and more of the spiritual edifice that God was building up in the world than of the grand heathen temples by which he was surrounded. He must not move the auditors by outward expressive action, but he could deliver the mighty thoughts which were struggling in his mind for utterance, and that, too, in appropriate language. He did so. And such eloquence, as broke then upon the ears of judges and spectators, had never been heard by that ancient court during the long centuries of its existence. Without much stretch of the imagination, one might fancy

the spirits of the old orators and philosophers hovering near with admiring attention, while one, more powerful than they in eloquence and logic, was shivering to pieces, with the lightnings of truth the systems which they cherished and advocated in their lives. The true God against vain idols, repentance, Jesus, resurrection and the final judgment, were some of his themes. The Christian hero was victorious, the standard of the cross was planted by his own hands amidst the proudest monuments of Paganism, and the shattered fortifications of superstition still tell of the triumphs of that hour. Paul was no longer in that great city alone without congenial spirits. The heart of a noble judge was warmed with celestial fire, and throbbed in unison with his own; an intelligent woman had, like some in the days of His incarnation, become an admirer of Jesus; and others, charmed by the precious doctrines which he taught clustered around him as the instrument of their conversion and object of their warmest regards. Such glory as then crowned the recently despised stranger, never invested the brow of a victor in merely civil contests. His was a moral victory gained on behalf of the loftiest nature, and highest interests of man.

Noble man! mighty apostle! worthy representative of Jesus Christ! thou art now reaping the reward of thy fidelity in the glorious presence of Him in whose service thou didst so bravely and unweariedly contend.

ISBELL.

CHRIST'S AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

No scene in the history of the world's Saviour, during his incarnation, is more deeply affecting than that presented in his sufferings in the Garden of Gethsemane. The most cursory reader of the Evangelical record has his attention arrested by the passage that describes it, and, as it passes before the mind's vision, his heart is made to throb with emotion.

It exhibits our Lord in his atoning work—the great end for which he came and dwelt among men. The same individuals were selected to be witnesses of the gloomy scenes of the garden that saw the glorious ones that transpired on the mount of transfiguration. When on the mountain, their visions of the Saviour's glory were ravishingly delightful, but the exhibitions of Divine majesty in the bright cloud, and the voice that issued from it, overwhelmed them with fear. Of the *agony* of the Son of God a distant view was, probably, all that they could endure; hence he went away "about a stone's cast" from them to drink from the cup of bitterness placed to his lips. Even when the atoning agony was coming upon him, he showed himself touched with the feeling of the infirmities of his disciples, and spared them from a sight too terrible for their capacities. It seems, however, that they did not watch him at a distance as he designed. Mysterious, dark, and fearful presences were in the garden and felt even by the disciples. A sorrowful heaviness pressed upon the Saviour, one that incited to slumber upon the disciples. The agonizing emotions of the soul of the immaculate sufferer threatened the body with death, and they continued to rise and swell until "great drops of blood" gushed from every pore. It was on this occasion, we think, that "His visage was so marred more than any man, and his form more than the sons of men." His features were frightfully distorted by the depth of his sufferings, and his body powerfully convulsed. But, allowing that the body was nearly borne down by the sway of death, was not our Lord feeling the pangs of another and more fearful death? "The soul that sinneth it shall die," and as "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God," death is due to all. Was not Christ tasting "death for every man?" There are those who honestly believe that no part of the atonement was made on this occasion; but others as honestly believe that a considerable portion of it was made in the garden. The writer is among the latter. It is the only view which seems, in all respects, consistent with the record.

The anguish of that hour seems too great to be produced by temptation alone. The Prince of Darkness was doubtless there with hellish hosts in his train, and, by their assaults upon the stricken Redeemer, increased his sufferings and rendered the scene more profoundly gloomy. But, instead of being the occasion of all his unspeakable anguish, they were made in view of the advantages which that already existing agony afforded them for success. The devil had met the Saviour alone when he was hungry, and had been swept out of his path. He hoped to succeed better when the object of his hatred was bowed down beneath the load of man's transgression. Yet here he was foiled again—he had to confront the firm resistance of the immaculate sufferer, and an angel of light more powerful than himself. He came to Christ, hoping, doubtless, to spoil his vicarious offering, but found him invulnerable at every point.

Several lessons relating to the atonement appear to be taught here more distinctly and impressively than elsewhere. The first of these lessons relates to the independence of the atoning sufferings from any means of external torture. No cross, no nails, no pain-inflicting instrument whatever, is seen about the person of the Saviour. At the very opening of his sufferings, he exclaimed, “my *soul* is exceeding sorrowful even unto death.” Such views had the humanity of Christ of sin, of its blackness, and demerit, that he was “sore amazed.” And the dreadful mass of the world's sin was pressing upon him, and, as justice hurled on it its flaming bolts, they fell upon Him who had taken the place of man, and his soul vibrated and throbbed, and swelled under the mighty weight of anguish. Had not the most High had other wise designs to accomplish, in connection with the circumstances of the atonement, it would probably have all been accomplished in the garden. But human depravity must have a terrible exhibition in connection with the Saviour's death, and the prophetic Scriptures must be fulfilled; therefore enough transpired to show how the whole could have been finished with-

out the intervention of human malice and the exhibitions of Mount Calvary and the cross. If "without the shedding of blood" there could be "no remission" of sins, blood was as freely shed in Gethsemane as on the cross.

The second of the lessons taught in the scenes of the garden relates to the depth of the sufferings endured. The utterances of the Saviour on this occasion, expressive of his anguish, have no parallel in anything he said upon the cross if we except his exclamation, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Indeed, even that does not convey to the mind such an idea of fearful distress as the evangelical description of the scenes in the garden. His soul was "exceeding sorrowful;" he was "sore amazed;" he cried to the Father, "If it be possible let this cup pass from me;" he sweat as it were great drops of blood. Humanity *did* shudder at the bitterness of "this cup." The prayer of the Saviour expresses this as it was designed it should. The atoning sufferings, in themselves, were horribly revolting to humanity, and were only patiently endured for the sake of the end.

Another lesson relates to the *exclusively* atoning character of Christ's sufferings. "If it be *possible* let this cup pass from me," was the prayer of the sufferer. This prayer, we believe, was uttered and recorded for the purpose of settling all questions relating to this matter. Every speculation should be thrown down at the sight of the prostrate, groaning, bleeding and agonizing Saviour in the garden. Oh, had there been any other way such a prayer, as that of Jesus', would surely have been answered! "Not as I will, but as thou wilt," prayed the submissive one, and the dark tide of anguish rolled on until the full installment of the propitiatory debt to be paid at that time was in the hands of justice.

The last lesson of which we shall speak is exemplary. As profound as were the sufferings of Christ, he was perfectly submissive. He shudders under the weight of agonies, but does not recoil from them. He is bruised and lacerated by the asperities of his dreadfully rugged pathway, but he stops

not in his course until he reaches its end. He is assaulted by the powers of darkness, and frightful temptations mingle their horrors with the inflictions of Divine Justice received on behalf of sinners, and still he yields not. Let then the objects of his suffering love patiently take the buffetings of temptation in connection with the crosses they find in the pathway of duty.

ISELL.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

There is, perhaps, no passage in the evangelical history more pleasingly interesting than that which gives an account of the transfiguration of Christ. His most intimate and best beloved disciples, are chosen to be witnesses of that most glorious scene, as a reward for their interest in their Lord and Master. Something is now to be shown them to animate their zeal and swell their hopes. Humble as was their former occupation, they had gained no earthly elevation or reward by attaching themselves to the world's Savior. That at times they might fear they had exchanged a true religion for a false one, and made sacrifices in vain, is natural for us to suppose. And Christ knowing what is in man, saw fit to prepare his disciples for their future work by answering questions, which agitated their minds, both to the eye and the heart, in a most impressive manner. Behold them alone—Christ the world's Redeemer, the impetuous Peter, the considerate James, and the meek and beloved John, on one of the lofty elevations of the sacred land, far above the din of a corrupt and bustling world. As these disciples gazed upon their Master in his garb of humility, what thoughts and misgivings may have been gathering in their minds, when lo! his countenance becomes radiant with celestial light, and his vestments of earthly fabric blaze with heavenly splendor! Every trace of his earthly humiliation is lost amidst the brightness of his native glory. Here then is the Master they have chosen, not in his assumed, but his rightful garb. Now *his condescension* and not *their sacrifices*,

furnishes the absorbing thought. An important question is settled in a most thrillingly interesting manner; they have not lost, but gained immensely, by their attachment to Him who is known as Jesus of Nazareth.

But, if they have done *gloriously*, have they done *right*? The company increases. Two personages, invested with a glory like that which beams from the person of their Lord, appear and enter into harmonious converse with him. They are Moses and Elijah, one, the head of the Jewish and the other the head of the Prophetic Dispensation. They converse upon the great event of the world—the death of Christ. Moses had pointed to it with his typical finger, and the prophets had made it a prominent theme of impassioned discourse, and wrote its effecting history centuries before; and Christ was to be the passive actor in the bloody scene of suffering which they had portrayed in the most striking colors. All was agreement, not a point of difference was raised between the assembled heads of the great dispensation of light to a sin-shaded world. Cheer up then ye followers of the Jew-hated Nazarene, for you are no apostates, but traveling along the illuminated pathway of revelation, you are just emerging into the full beams of gospel day. But see!—There comes the Shekinah—the symbol of God's presence about which you have heard and read so much in connection with the history of your fathers! You may expect now a communication which you may not forget. Hear that voice.—“This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased.” There now, you have been led by his discourse—fraught with the treasures of wisdom, and by the wondrous miracles which he has wrought, to embrace the Messiah. Moses and Elijah come from the realms of light, and sitting down beneath the outbeamings of His glory, reverently fraternize with them; and God, drawing nigh to you in the ancient type of glorious majesty and excellence, has spoken to you distinctly, and told you to hear Him. The way of duty is clear before you—and there is no room for further doubt.

Peter was quite beside himself under the contemplation of the ravishing glories of his Lord and his two heavenly visitors, and it is no wonder that both he and his brother disciples were quite overwhelmed with the awful glory of the speaking God. Emotions of fear mingled with the rapturous throbbings of their strangely excited hearts. There they lie amidst the glory that crowns the lofty solitude, made sacred by scenes such as had never transpired on earth before. It requires the familiar touch and voice of their Divine Master to raise them up from under the overpowering weight of glory that rested upon them. They had been favored with a view of the splendor and majesty of their Lord, and abundant proof that he was the great Teacher sent from God who was to be heard. But this was not all. They were to be teachers like Moses and Elijah, and that the world would oppose them was clear. Very likely they must suffer martyrdom, and, if that does not take place, die they certainly must, and cease to have a visible existence here. Where will the active thinking spirit be? Shut up in the loathsome grave with the corrupt body?—Be dormant? Unconscious? No! They had just seen Moses and Elijah, and one of them died and the other disappeared long ago—centuries before. *They* were both living—whether both in heaven, or one in heaven and the other in paradise, *we* may not know, but perhaps *they* did, but, at all events, they were having a conscious and glorious existence at the time of the transfiguration. Here was something to cheer and animate the disciples in their subsequent struggles with the hosts of hell. And Peter *did* remember “the excellent glory” in the mount, and the “voice” that spake to them from it, when he was sturdily doing battle under the eye of “the Chief Shepherd.” He could afford to die, as it was only an exchange of one stage of existence less glorious for one vastly greater. It is true the body must sojourn in the realms of corruption and dishonor for a season, yet even the triumphs of death are comparatively short. The disciples saw this on the Mount of Transfiguration. They

were doubtless made to understand that the transfigured body of Christ was a full representation of the glorified body of man after the resurrection. It is very probable that they *saw* a complete parallel between the bodies of Christ and Elijah, and, *perhaps*, between those of Christ and Moses. Whether the body of Moses, which could not be found, was raised and taken to heaven, is what the scriptures do not tell us, and hence we cannot decide with certainty. But proof enough was given of the glory of the resurrection body in connection with the transfiguration of Christ, to satisfy them that though their bodies might be "sown in corruption," they would be "raised in incorruption," if "sown in dishonor" they would be "raised in glory." Hence with this precious remembrance ever cheering their hopes, they counted not their lives dear unto them, while bearing forward the standard of the cross of Christ. They could well afford to die in a good cause if such a glorious life of body and spirit awaited them beyond the scenes of strife.

Such, we apprehend, were some of the lessons taught by the scenes of the transfiguration, to the disciples, and through them, to the world.

ISBELL.

MIDDLEBURY, 1853.

HEAVEN.

The word heaven signifies elevation. It is used in the Holy Scriptures to designate a place and state of the highest elevation. Heaven is the immediate dwelling place of God—the place where He manifests His glory to a greater extent than in any other part of His dominion. It must, therefore, be the lofty and blissful residence of other pure and exalted beings, for if God *manifests* His glory, there must be witnesses of that declaration of Himself. He is the perfection of glory to Himself everywhere, and can only *manifest* His glory for the benefit of others. The glorious beings who dwell with God and behold His glory, are called angels, because

they are near at hand and always ready to perform any service, or deliver any messages, which He may assign to them. Happy Spirits! Well may they fill their pure and bright abode with ravishing strains of praiseful music!

Heaven is the abode of redeemed, regenerated, purified and glorified man. In its blissful mansions he will realize a plentitude of fruition greater than was lost in Eden. When man is nearest to God, beholds most of His glory, is completely delivered from all the effects of sin, is in the likeness of God, has a spiritualized and glorified body, and is in the midst of scenes that respond to all the aspirations of his perfected nature, and fill the soul with unutterable bliss, *there* is Heaven. The soul, emancipated from sin, holding communion with God, comforted, cheered and strengthened, by the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, delighting in the communion of the saints and living the life of faith, knows much of the nature and joy of Heaven, here upon earth. But temptations, toils, pains and sorrows, limit these heavenly experiences here. But what we may learn experimentally of Heaven, even here, is cheering to our hopes. Is the place of pure, departed spirits, or Paradise, identical with Heaven? Christ met the penitent thief in Paradise, yet, after His resurrection, He told Mary that He had "not yet ascended to His Father and her Father, to His God and her God."

Paradise, as its name imports, is a place of delight, an exalted place, but is it the *final* abode of the saints, with their spiritualized and glorified bodies? It is the *whole* man that reaches the acme of human bliss, in Heaven, that ranges amidst the heavenly scenery, drinks in the intellectual joys of an unbounded realm of untrammelled thought and has everlasting life, in the society of pure and lofty intelligences.

"Fair land! could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!"

Read before the Ministerial Association, Nov. 2, 1870.

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